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# *The Shape of Things*

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THE MOST SERIOUS ASPECT OF PRESIDENT Roosevelt's new-born passion for economy is the threatened shelving of a number of the most important bills now before Congress. If immediate pressure is not brought by progressive groups throughout the country, there is grave danger that the Wagner housing bill, discussed by Albert Mayer elsewhere in this issue, will be lost. Similarly threatened are the farm-tenancy bill, the national-education bill, and the proposed appropriation of $25,000,000 to continue the Public Health Service's brilliant battle against venereal disease. After years of struggle these measures seemed on the verge of passage. All are of the utmost social importance. A 25 per cent cut in the military budget would go a long way toward providing the necessary funds for these projects. Should this be ruled out, Congress ought to face the necessity of raising taxes. As a country we can ill afford the luxury of low taxes when it means that workers are badly housed, that tenant farmers are denied the minimum essentials of a livelihood, that children are unable to obtain decent schooling, and that the unfortunate victims of venereal disease shall be allowed to die or spread infection for lack of medical care.

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THE INCREASE IN THE BRITISH INCOME TAX should be a convincing answer to those who have contended that the American rates are unduly burdensome on business. During the coming year a Britisher with a wife and two children who earns $10,000 a year will have to pay an income tax of no less than $1,627.50. An American with the same income and the same obligations would pay only $296. The discrepancy is even greater for those of more moderate incomes. Thus a $4,000 man with the same dependents would pay $312.50 in Britain—more than the $10,000 man in this country—while a similar person earning $4,000 in the United States would be assessed just $12. It is true that for moderate incomes our state tax is frequently higher than the federal tax. In the case of the $4,000 man the state tax would be $21, making a total tax of $33, or just about one-tenth the tax bill of his British cousin. Even more instructive than the increase in the British income levy is the projected reintroduction of the excess-profits tax, which will take up to one-third of the industrial profits attributable to the rearmament program.

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There is no question that the new tax will prove more burdensome than our recently enacted corporation levy. But the British Tories have a way of enacting legislation which puts to shame our so-called New Deal.

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THE PRESSURE OF BAD LOGIC, OF SHIPPING men pursuing high profits, and of pro-Loyalist Liberals and Laborites has forced the Baldwin Cabinet to reverse its decision. The British navy is now protecting ships that are running the very weak rebel blockade of the northern coast of Spain. Bilbao is getting its food. Its resistance is thereby strengthened. The attackers appear to be approaching the city and unless there are negotiations for a peaceful surrender it is possible that one more Spanish city will be besieged. General Mola, reinforced, according to reports, by regular Italian troops, continues the offensive against the Basque capital on which the rebels have been expending an inordinate amount of energy. The government, with indeterminate success to date, has sought to take advantage of this circumstance by attacking on the Teruel and Madrid fronts. Meanwhile, after a dozen delays, the Non-Intervention Committee's international patrol—not blockade—has finally been instituted. It had not functioned a week before the Valencia government charged that an Italian destroyer on patrol had violated the London committee's rules. This entire system of patrol, so laboriously hatched to bring peace to Spain, may yet become a source of serious trouble. A little provocative act by either Germany or Italy could easily result in an intensification of intervention.

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WHILE INDECISIVE FIGHTING PROCEEDS ON the battlefields, the Valencia government has demonstrated its enhanced power by reestablishing the civilian government of Madrid and ending the mandate of the junta which took over control of the capital when Franco's siege started on November 6. At the same time the Caballero government is bringing undisciplined political elements and military units under control. Franco, on the other hand, has replied to the recent mutinies and permanent disaffection in his territory by setting up a frankly advertised fascist dictatorship—which Mr. Carney, incidentally, has not yet mentioned in the New York *Times*. There is to be only one legal party, the fascist Phalangists, but in order to placate the Requettes, extreme Carlist monarchists, a vague promise is thrown out to them that some day maybe a king will rule in Madrid. The people of Spain have proved with their votes and their blood that they want neither a fascist nor a monarchist regime.

*

LABOR IS ASSUREDLY ON THE MARCH—NOT least in the capitalist press. In serried columns shoe workers in Maine, automobile workers in Canada, freight handlers on the New York docks, and agricultural slaves in California present their demands to industry, defile into picket lines, get fired or fired upon, or sign agreements in spite of red scares, injunctions, back-to-work movements, yellow unions, and very special correspondents. To an old newspaperman like Elisha Hanson the very fact that labor takes up so much space these days must seem another attack on the freedom of the press. Item: The Oshawa strike was won. In three resolutions the Oshawa local reaffirmed its allegiance to the C. I. O., gave a vote of confidence to Hugh Thompson and Homer Martin (Premier Hepburn's "foreign agitators"), and spanked the "controlled press" for its attempt to deceive the public and defeat the strike. . . . Item: In Maine, Judge Harry Manser issued a sweeping injunction—in the name of the Wagner Act!—declaring a strike of shoe workers illegal. The judge and the employers have now had second thoughts and conferences are in progress. . . . Item: In California, the latest move to organize agricultural and cannery workers ran into deputy sheriffs and tear-gas bombs at Stockton. No settlement as yet. . . . Item: In the model town of Hershey, Pennsylvania, the chocolate soldiers of the Loyal Workers' Club carried the day in an N. L. R. B. election, defeating the C. I. O. union by a vote of 1,542 to 781. That for Mr. Hanson's sweet tooth.

*

ANGELO HERNDON HAS BEEN SET FREE AND another reactionary state law discredited by the Supreme Court in a five-to-four decision in favor of free speech. Under a Georgia statute going back to Renconstruction days Herndon had been convicted of insurrection and sentenced to eighteen to twenty years on the chain gang for being a member of the Communist Party. This happy decision is a companion piece to the court's invalidation of the Oregon criminal-syndicalism statute in January in the De Jonge case. Let the states look to their laws—especially those which tamper with the Bill of Rights—and they will save themselves both good money and bad publicity.

*

THE ELEPHANT AND THE TIGER SEEM TO BE making a united front at Albany in an attempt to keep the American Labor Party from playing a decisive role in the New York City mayoralty campaign this fall. The six Berg bills constitute an attack upon the spirit as well as the letter of democracy; yet four of them passed both houses of the legislature. One of the bills passed would make it necessary for the American Labor Party, which will probably back LaGuardia in New York City this fall, to name its slate of candidates five weeks before the primary election. The others would require an independent candidate to obtain 56,000 signatures to a petition instead of the present 7,500 and hedge such petitions about so as to make the independent nominations almost impossible. The bills deserve a resounding veto. . . . The bill to abolish the third degree, passed in the Assembly, was duly killed in the Senate by means of another united front composed of the police departments, the district attorneys, Mayor LaGuardia, and Senator McNaboe. . . . The Fischel minimum-wage bill became law—to take the place of the Wald Act which was killed by the

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Supreme Court last spring. Gone today and here tomorrow. . . . The legislature is now struggling to fill a hole of $20,000,000 in the budget. Republican bills to meet it by an increased inheritance tax, a stock-transfer tax, and a tax on gifts met with a sudden shyness on the part of wealthy Republican legislators. And favor has now shifted to Governor Lehman's plan for raising the tax on gasoline to four cents—which will pass the burden on to the ultimate flivver.

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A REPUBLICAN PRESIDENT'S SON STOOD UP before the D. A. R. in annual convention assembled last week and told them without qualification that they could not get anywhere "by painting red networks of communism across every evening sky." Charles P. Taft, who gave the Daughters this shock, was one of the intimate advisers of Governor Landon in the last campaign and is respected and admired as a civic leader in Cincinnati, his home town. Hence he cannot be whistled down as a "red" or a bolshevik. But he did not stop there. He also informed the Daughters that "the one who shouts communism is always discounted as a fascist at heart and vice-versa." He next denounced the "current efforts to identify pacifism with socialism," a little game in which the D. A. R. has always led the way. "Young people hate war with a deep hatred," Mr. Taft went on, "and they should. They cannot see why 'defense' means protection of foreign trade and foreign investments." Then he told the Daughters a few sound truths about the revolution of which they are so proud—and so ignorant. He explained to them that the leaders of that revolution were "vigorous young men who were not afraid of being called 'subversive' influences," and he reminded them that a lot of the "best people" refused to side with the revolutionists and that Governor Hutchinson must have felt toward Samuel Adams and John Hancock "a good deal as some high automobile officials feel toward sit-down strikers." In short, Mr. Taft did an extremely good job. We wonder, though, if a good time was had by all who heard him.

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WE AGREE WITH MR. VILLARD THAT OUR participation in another world war would mean the end of democracy in this country; and we feel that this is the strongest argument for *preventing* such a war. Mr. Villard believes that the neutrality bill guarantees that we will not get into war. We feel, on the contrary, that it offers no real protection to the United States, and that its inconsistency with the principle of collective security greatly increases the likelihood of war abroad. Moreover, any action by the United States at this time declaring a general embargo on war materials would be an open invitation to Hitler to launch an attack, since the latter knows full well the dependence of Britain and France on American supplies. The cash-and-carry policy, on the other hand, would set up precisely the same chain of events as that by which we became involved in the last war. In fact, any action that the United States takes with respect to trade in war time is bound to injure one combatant and aid the other. In the world today there is no safe and easy road to peace. The duty of the realistic pacifist is to choose the course that offers the best chance of strengthening the forces of democracy in Europe on which peace depends.

# *Il Duce Pulls the Strings*

IF Chancellor Schuschnigg entertained any illusion as to who was the real ruler of Austria, it must have been rudely shattered by his visit to Venice last week. Schuschnigg has developed a definite program for putting Austria on its own feet. He believes that the restoration of the monarchy would be a bulwark against absorption by the Third Reich. He has also toyed with the idea of an agreement with Czecho-Slovakia as a means of escaping Italian and German domination. And yet he apparently hoped in the interval to persuade Mussolini to continue guaranteeing Austrian independence. A few months ago Il Duce would have doubtless been ready enough to support Schuschnigg as an offset to Nazi influence. But fundamental changes have taken place since Mussolini last sent troops to the Brenner Pass, notably the formation of the new international fascist front. In return for Nazi concessions to Italy, as yet undisclosed, Mussolini has obviously agreed to support Germany's interests in Central Europe.

As a result Schuschnigg appears to have drawn a complete blank. Although the report that he will accept Nazis in his government may have been exaggerated, there can be no doubt that he was ordered to forget the possibility of Hapsburg restoration and to look to Germany as well as to Italy for future support. Effective pressure also seems to have been applied to cause him to postpone the projected agreement with Czecho-Slovakia.

The significance of the Austrian conversations, together with the almost endless meetings which are being held between Italian and German officials, can scarcely be overestimated. Following the setback to fascist aspirations in Spain, Hitler and Mussolini appear to have redoubled their efforts in Central Europe. Yugoslavia has already somewhat unwillingly been brought into the German-Italian orbit. A bitter struggle is now being waged in Rumania between the fascist Iron Guard and the democratic elements associated with former Premier Maniu and former Foreign Minister Titulescu. The position of Hungary was never in question. This gives the fascist powers virtually a free hand in Central Europe.

Under the circumstances, the Anglo-French declaration guaranteeing Belgium's independence and reaffirming the non-aggression agreement between the two countries takes on renewed importance. The pro-Nazi element in Belgium received a severe setback a fortnight ago. Thus for the first time since the rise of Hitler we are witnessing the division of Europe into two camps more or less evenly divided in strength. On both sides we may expect feverish jockeying for position in the coming months.

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# *Blueprints for Fascism*

HELL is said to be paved with good intentions. An illustration is provided by the various bills introduced into Congress to "take the profits out of war." All these measures contain phraseology which might readily be used for the establishment of a fascist dictatorship in the United States. The most threatening is the Sheppard-Hill bill, which is sponsored by the American Legion and is believed to have Administration support. Contrary to the impression which exists in some circles, the Sheppard-Hill bill does not go so far as to draft civilian labor or to muzzle the press. But neither does it conscript capital or eliminate war profits.

Apart from the provision empowering the President to draft all men between twenty-one and thirty-one for military service immediately on the declaration of war, its dangers are implicit rather than explicit. The President is given widespread control over business by means of licenses, priorities of shipments, price-fixing, and the registration of factory managers. He is also given power "to determine and publicly proclaim from time to time the material resources, industrial organizations, and public services over which government control . . . shall be necessary," and to determine "what classes of public service, real property, or right, or . . . manufacturers or producers . . . shall be required to operate under licenses." These clauses may not be consciously intended to serve as the legal foundation of fascism in this country, but their vagueness and their sweeping character make them admirably suited for just such a purpose. And it is not even necessary to await the outbreak of war to have these provisions invoked. The powers granted by the bill become effective either on the declaration of war or in a "national emergency" proclaimed by Congress.

While the Nye-Maverick bill is in many ways a better measure, it contains similar dangers. For example, it authorizes the registration of any person engaged in the "management or control of any technical, industrial, or manufacturing plant or establishment of any kind whatsoever." This might easily be twisted so as to apply to labor leaders, and would seem to imply complete control over newspaper owners and editors. Even more threatening is a provision authorizing the President to take over a factory in the event of a labor dispute "and operate it under such rules and regulations as he may deem proper . . . to best subserve the interests of the nation in the successful prosecution of war." The Nye-Maverick bill, however, shows no such solicitude for business as does the Sheppard-Hill bill, and is much more drastic in its taxation clauses. Moreover, the Nye bill does not come into effect until Congress declares that the existence of a state of war has created a national emergency.

It may be argued that since some degree of dictatorship is inevitable in time of war it is unrealistic to struggle against measures which are fairly free from anti-labor bias. We know that men will be drafted; why not see to it now that capital shall be penalized as much as possible? With the tax provisions of the bill we have no quarrel. No action that could be taken at the present time is likely to be so conducive to peace as legislation which really threatens the elimination of war profits. But even the fear that a war-time dictatorship is inescapable does not justify Congress in adopting a measure in peace time giving sanction to that dictatorship. At best, the industrial-control clauses in the war-profits bills furnish—in the words of the War Department—a method of helping the country "to pass promptly and smoothly to a war footing." At worst, they may very readily serve the same purpose for a future American dictator, as the Brüning decrees did for Hitler in Germany. But whatever may be said regarding the ineffectiveness of German democracy in the face of Hitlerism, it cannot be said that it provided him with a complete advance blueprint of dictatorship such as is contained in both the Sheppard-Hill and the Nye-Maverick bills.

# *The Trotsky Commission*

THE commission sent to Mexico to examine Leon Trotsky has come home laden with depositions, copies of letters, and verbatim testimony, but minus a member. Final judgment on the commission's findings must await its report, but from a knowledge of its membership and from the day-by-day newspaper stories of the hearings we have gained the inescapable impression that the whole performance so far has been a waste of time, effort, and money.

Leon Trotsky may be innocent or guilty of the crimes he was charged with by defendants and prosecution in the Moscow trials. He has not been tried; so no one knows. He cannot be tried, unless he goes back to Russia and submits to the dubious mercies of Soviet justice or unless he is subjected to extradition proceedings in some country with which the Soviet Union has diplomatic relations. Both courses are utterly unlikely. The first would be an act of suicide; the second would involve a legal struggle on foreign soil for which the Soviet government has shown no inclination. The alternative proposed and put into effect by the Committee for the Defense of Leon Trotsky was an examination of the available evidence by a subcommission to be followed by hearings before a larger commission which presumably will hand down a final verdict on Trotsky's guilt. The whole procedure seems to us doomed to futility for the same reasons that the preliminary hearings in Coyoacan were futile.

There is no use pretending that the subcommission which visited Trotsky had an impartial appearance. Three of its five members were members of the defense committee. One of these, John Dewey, is sufficiently removed from factional political concerns so that his personal detachment may be assumed, but his connection with the committee was a serious liability. Two of the other members, Suzanne LaFollette and Benjamin Stolberg, were known as warm admirers of Trotsky although not followers of his doctrine. Carleton Beals was gener-

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ally considered free of bias. Otto Ruhle, the fifth member, had a record of long-standing opposition both to the Communist Party and to Trotsky. But the fact that he had been dropped from the party might have inclined him toward a fellow-victim of bureaucratic rule, no matter what their doctrinal differences.

Where a feller least needs a friend is on an impartial commission investigating his record. The Trotsky committee should ruthlessly have eliminated its own members and all friends of Trotsky from the commission. It is true that several Communists were asked to serve and refused; but this might have been expected. Rather than appoint persons who could even be accused of bias the committee should have combed the membership lists of liberal and labor and defense organizations—or even such aloof bodies as the bar associations—to find members who were free from both political and emotional commitments; but the committee failed to do so, and as a result its commission's verdict has been discounted in advance. The impression of bias was, of course, reinforced by the resignation and accusations of Carleton Beals.

Public suspicion is fatal to the defense technique chosen by the Trotsky committee. It is not necessary to accept without question Mr. Beals's charges as reported in the press or to throw doubt on the honesty of the commission's intentions. It is necessary only to emphasize the fact that its findings would have to look—as well as be—impartial in order to contribute anything to the defense of Trotsky or to the illumination of the dark corners in the Moscow trials. The only verdict which would be generally accepted from such a commission would be a verdict of guilt.

Even in the matter of evidence the commission was unlucky. At the start Trotsky revealed that he had few originals of the hundreds of letters by means of which he hopes to prove the innocent nature of his actions in exile. This discovery must have caused consternation among the investigators. They had to accept copies of important documents and take the existence of the originals, for the time being at least, on trust. The news stories were doubtless inadequate, but they gave no indication that the week's inquiry brought out important points which had not been made previously.

What the investigation did bring out, apparently, was documentary support for Trotsky's repeated assertion that he was visited neither by Piatakov nor Romm. These are crucial points, but by themselves are not sufficient, even if proved, to establish Trotsky's innocence, although they would seriously damage the case against him. But they cannot be proved because the evidence cannot be subjected to the scrutiny and attack that would be provided in any ordinary court of law. That, in fact, is the fatal flaw in the whole effort to solve this burning question through the amateur efforts of an unofficial commission, however well-meaning. Even after the final verdict has been rendered we shall still not know whether Trotsky is innocent or guilty. Skeptics who from the first have refused to accept without reservation testimony presented in *ex parte* proceedings will continue in their present state of uncomfortable agnosticism.

# *Food for Spain*

THE response to *The Nation's* campaign to raise money among its readers for the purchase of food for noncombatants in Loyalist Spain has been warm, generous, and amazingly widespread; and though the primary purpose of the drive was to relieve suffering among the Spanish women and children in whose name it was launched, we cannot but think that its effect upon those who gave was also important. Every contributor must have experienced a sense of participation in the struggle of a great nation to be free, and a determination to be forever on guard, in his own country, against the dark forces which are attempting to overwhelm the Spanish people.

The following foodstuffs have gone forward—from *The Nation's* readers to Spanish noncombatants: 294,000 pounds of flour; 75,000 tins of sardines; 88,000 cans of evaporated milk; 24,000 tins of corned beef; and 25 tons of beans. The total amount of money raised was $26,557.67, of which approximately $1,000 was required for expenses in connection with shipping and insurance.

We have received from the Under Secretary of the Ministry of Agriculture of the Spanish government a cabled acknowledgment of our notification that the first shipment of food had been sent. We pass it on to our readers, to whom in reality it is addressed.

> We have received the letter announcing the splendid gift which readers of *The Nation* have sent to the noncombatant population of loyal Republican Spain. In their name I send this expression of profound gratitude not only for the foodstuffs bestowed but for this demonstration of the spiritual cohesion of all those who fight in defense of liberty and justice against fascism which enslaves peoples. A brotherly embrace to all the antifascists of the glorious American people.

In Spain our 294,000 pounds of flour will be baked into loaves of bread. To the women and children to whom it will be dispensed *The Nation* will perhaps mean little. But they will know that it is life-giving antifascist bread, just as they know that the bombs that rain upon them are death-dealing fascist bombs.

Because *The Nation* lacks the facilities to carry on "for the duration of the war" it has brought its campaign to an end. But we wish to impress upon our readers that the Spanish struggle, and the need for bread, continues. We shall be glad to receive further contributions, which will be earmarked for food for noncombatants and turned over to the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy. Meanwhile we wish formally to express our gratitude to those volunteer workers who, by giving so freely of their time and talent, made it possible for us to devote to the purchase of food the impressive proportion of 97 cents out of every dollar raised. In particular we wish to thank Helen Woodward, who headed the drive, and Rebecca Reis, whose devotion to a self-assumed duty was unflagging.

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# WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

## How to Prevent Depression

*Washington, April 25*

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT has started quarterbacking down again in a big way and so badly that Congress, exercising its prerogatives as coach, ought to bench him right away. The play he called in his relief and budget message a few days ago was a disgrace to the federal team.

If Roosevelt had been as honest and plain-spoken as his duty to the public requires him to be, that relief message, which somehow avoided any discussion of the relief and unemployment problems, would have read something like this:

"To the Congress of the United States: Last year I started the practice of omitting from my January budget message a request for funds for unemployment relief during the fiscal year beginning July 1. I said I'd ask for relief funds a little later when we could be more certain of what we'd need, and three months later I sent up such a message, asking for $1,500,000,000. It wasn't enough, and I knew it wasn't enough, but the Supreme Court had just knocked out the AAA processing taxes and left us short $1,017,000,000, and so I wanted to go a little light on the relief appropriation for the time being. I hinted in my message that I'd probably be back for more later, and, as you'll remember, in January this year I had to ask you for an additional $790,000,000 to piece out the original $1,500,000,000 until the end of June. At about the same time I sent up my 1938 budget message, again putting off a request for relief funds until I could tell more definitely what was needed. Now the time has come to tell you what we'll need and why.

"We'll need about $4,000,000,000. I don't mean just for relief. I mean for a real attack on the unemployment problem. It's about time we were making such an attack. It's our biggest problem and our basic problem. Until it's solved, we'll get nowhere in this or any other country, and we've just been toying with the thing these last four years. I know I've said over and over again that we aren't going to let anybody starve in this country, and I've boasted that we've made good on that pledge. But you know as well as I do that all we've been doing is to keep several million Americans just above the starvation line. What's more, we've just been keeping them there as a big pool of surplus labor endangering the jobs of many more millions of Americans who, incidentally, haven't been doing so well; we've boosted their average wage to $1,180 a year since 1933 and anybody knows you can't really live on that. Furthermore, the people with jobs won't be doing well at all if we ever pull the plug on the pool of surplus labor and force the millions on relief to compete with them for jobs for whatever pennies are offered.

"In short, we just haven't been getting anywhere. It looks now as if we were going to have about 4,000,000 jobless on our hands year in and year out, and that's being conservative. We had 9,000,000 jobless on our hands at the end of 1936. We hoped to get that figure down to 6,500,000 or 7,000,000 this year, but that would require industry to make jobs for nearly 3,000,000, allowing for about 500,000 youngsters who will be coming of working age and demanding jobs. Just how much chance there is of industry making work for an additional 3,000,000 workers you can judge for yourself, for our figures show that industry in general has learned during the depression how to make four men do the work that five did in 1929, and will soon have three men doing the work of 1929's five.

"Besides, things don't look so good from several other angles. Industry can't hire more people unless it can sell their output, and it can't sell their output unless there are a lot of people waiting with money to pay for it, and under our system, as you know, the workers, who are almost the only customers industry has, never have been able to get enough money to buy back what they produce. During the late boom they were 14 per cent short on the wherewithal, and they made it up through instalment buying—that is, by borrowing against their future wages. These things produced the depression, and these things are worse now than they were eight years ago. I've got figures to show that workers' income a month or so back was only 81.5 per cent as high as in 1929, whereas the cost of living was 87 per cent as high and wholesale prices nearly 91 per cent. Furthermore, and this will surprise you, to keep their heads above water, people are mortgaging their future wages even more heavily than in 1929. The New York Trust Company's April Index notes that instalment credit is already 50 per cent higher than in 1929, and some of the economists have figured out that $12,000,000,000 worth of instalment credit will be needed this year to carry a business volume like that of 1929, when there was between $6,000,000,000 and $7,000,000,000 worth of instalment buying. We've got to realize, too, that all these wage increases workers have been getting don't amount to much right now in view of the price trend, and that they'll amount to even less next fall when the present upward swoop of wholesale prices is transmitted to retail prices. If retail prices rise only 10 per cent $4,000,000,000 will be taken out of consumers' pockets, and that's a lot more than these wage increases you've been reading about.

"At any rate, you can see that there is little chance

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of our reducing our unemployment rolls much in the next twelve to fourteen months. And that brings us back to the question of what we should do about it. Harry Hopkins and his gang and a lot of other fellows, including the Workers' Alliance, which speaks for those actually on relief, have been after me with a lot of plans. They say the thing to do is look this problem in the face and get it over with before it's too late and we get caught in another big crash. They say we should abolish the means test—that is, stop providing relief jobs only for the destitute—and set up a system for making genuine, useful jobs for every able-bodied man or woman whom industry either doesn't employ or doesn't employ at decent wages. On top of that, they say, we should round out our agricultural program to reduce to a minimum unemployment and destitution in the rural areas; that means, of course, more rural rehabilitation, reforestation, flood-control, and soil-conservation work, including a real attack on the problem of farm tenancy, which must be solved before we can do anything effective in the field of soil conservation. They also think we ought to do something about child labor to reduce to a minimum the pressure of the youngsters on the labor market, and they would have us do something about minimum wages and maximum hours to raise the purchasing power of employed men and women and cause industry to employ more. In addition, they think we ought to amend and broaden the Social Security Act so that it will cover many more millions of workers than it now covers and so that the benefits it provides will become payable practically at once. This would further relieve pressure on the labor market by freeing a lot of our old workers from the necessity of clinging to their jobs. It also would take a lot of them off relief.

All these things put together wouldn't wholly solve our problem, of course. Though they'd go a long way in that direction, we'd still have a lot of persons on relief who, because they are past fifty or have been out of work for from two to five years, will never get jobs again and are by now so broken physically and morally that they're scarcely fit for jobs. We'd have to trust the states and municipalities to take care of them on a direct-relief basis. We've pushed over 1,000,000 relief people on to their hands, more than half of whom belong on WPA jobs if we're to keep our pledge to take care of the employables and let the localities handle the unemployables. About 600,000 of those on local direct-relief rolls are employables. Worse still from our point of view, they're concentrated in a few metropolitan areas that already are busted financially or haven't yet had time to recover from the depression, and therefore can't meet their relief bills.

"We ought to put into effect all those plans that Hopkins and the rest have laid out. If we don't, we'll soon be in a worse mess than the present one. But I've got to break down and confess that I'm not going to recommend any such thing. That would cost, as I've said, about $4,000,000,000 and maybe a lot more. I'm not even going to ask you for enough to keep on doing what we have been doing. I'm going to ask you for $1,500,000,000. That means we'll have to leave WPA wages where they are—at about $800 a year—despite the increase in living costs. It means we can't abolish the means test. It means we've got to stop thinking about doing something about housing, farm tenancy, rural rehabilitation, and the like. It means we've got to take a tuck in our agricultural program and drop our crop insurance and ever-normal granary plans. It also means that we can't help the states and cities, that we can't do anything substantial about federal aid to education, and that we'll just have to let the PWA die a natural death. Of course, letting the PWA die will increase our unemployment problem by several hundred thousand. But that's the least of it. Cutting down our relief appropriation will force us to squeeze from 200,000 to 500,000, and perhaps more, off the WPA rolls.

"I know I said in my January budget message that 'we must continue to spend substantial sums to provide work for those whom industry has not yet absorbed' and that 'this government does not propose next year, any more than during the past four years, to allow American families to starve.' I hope you'll be kind enough not to tax me with those statements. I've already had practically to stop talking to Hopkins; I can hardly face him any more. And I'm so confused I'll have to ask you just to vote me the $1,500,000,000 and let me decide in June the details of how it shall be spent.

"I'm sorry things are that way, but it just can't be helped, as I see it, and I hope you'll see it my way, too. I hope you won't follow the lead of Maury Maverick and his group which wants you to pass the Voorhis bill, which would appropriate $2,500,000,000 instead of the sum I recommend. I hope even more that you won't follow the lead of Boileau and his progressive bloc which is pushing the Workers' Alliance bill for $3,000,000,000. I'd prefer that you trailed along behind Senator Byrnes, who wants to cut my proposal to $1,000,000,000, and I hope there's something in the reports that you will cut it at least to $1,200,000,000. Even if you vote the $1,500,000,000 I recommend, that will give us only $1,820,000,000 for recovery and relief this next year and out of that will have to come over $300,000,000 for things like PWA administration, Boulder canyon, rivers and harbors, highways, and public buildings, so I may have to come back at you again in January and ask for a little more, especially since what we have now probably won't last us until the end of June and we may have to dip into next year's appropriation to finish out the current year. Especially, too, since I probably will have to make another speech about not letting anybody starve, and Hopkins, taking advantage of it, probably will go out and spend money as though I intended to be taken literally. But I'll really try not to come back for more. because I have on my hands what the fiscal boys call a budgetary dilemma.

"You see, we've got to start economizing. We've been spending billions of dollars that we didn't have, that we never earned. We've been borrowing the dough, and now the Treasury and fellows like Marriner Eccles tell me we're getting to the point where we won't be able to borrow any more. That means the banks, the people from

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whom we borrow the money, don't think we'll be able to pay it back. They say, if we keep on going as we are, we'll have inflation, and that means that the flywheel of our economic machine—prices—will fly to pieces. I know it sounds kind of funny to hear that this big country with all its people, all its machines and resources, and all its energy and talent, can't produce enough things to pay off its debts, especially with all those millions unemployed and ready to work. But that's the shape of things, and it's getting no better. I thought we were going to spend only about $2,250,000,000 more this year than we took in, and now I find that the taxes we've levied are going to net us $604,000,000 less than we expected.

"I don't know just why my plans for balancing the budget have gone to pot. I thought that tax bill we fixed up last year would do the trick. I thought we'd soon fill the till with that corporate-surplus tax. I know darn well that corporate profits are busting all records, and maybe we were too hasty about knocking off the excess-profits tax; it might have been making us rich by now. The Treasury's statisticians insist that their calculations on what we could expect from the 1936 tax bill were sound. It looks as if it was the Treasury's legal division that slipped when they said they'd plugged every loophole in the law before it was passed. But the trouble is we can't do anything about that right now. By about next November the Treasury expects to have found what's wrong with our tax laws and recommend changes. Of course, we might do a little doctoring right now, but it might reverse the business trend and, besides, we've got this court bill on our hands. So the only thing left to do is economize.

"Don't let that frighten you. I don't mean it too literally. For example, I indicated in my January message that we could go as high as $1,537,123,000 for relief, but I'm going to cut that down to $1,500,000,000. On the other hand, I'm going to suggest that, while you're trimming down the relief appropriation, you increase appropriations for other federal activities by $63,546,659, so that our 1938 expenditures, instead of actually being smaller than I suggested in January, will be $30,392,746 larger, despite the drop in income to which I've referred. I want most of the increase for the CCC. That's the agency I set up in 1933 as an emergency affair, saying that, of course, we were not going to allow a situation to continue that necessitated the existence of anything like the CCC. I've changed my mind about that, too. The CCC's to be permanent from now on. The cut we're making in our relief appropriation—and it's a substantial one, 31 per cent below that for the current fiscal year and 41 per cent below that for 1936—will help take care of some of the increase in appropriations for other agencies. And, by the way, we're not cutting the army and navy, except in their non-military branches; we'll go on spending about $1,000,000,000 a year on preparations for war. I'm sure you'll be pleased to know, on the other hand, that we're cutting about $1,000,000 off the appropriation for the department we maintain to keep us out of war. Yes, the State Department has been cut to $16,707,000.

"FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT."

# *"Time" and Henry Luce*

BY DWIGHT MACDONALD

IN THE year 1920 Briton Hadden and Henry Robinson Luce were graduated from Yale. Their college careers had been glorious and cooperative. Together they had run the *Yale Daily News,* together they had become campus "big men." Their classmates voted Hadden "most likely to succeed" and Luce "most brilliant," a judgment which would have been sounder had it been precisely reversed. Two years after graduation they reunited forces and determined to go ahead with a project which they had been talking about ever since they went to Hotchkiss together. Their idea was to publish a magazine summarizing the news of the week. In Luce's words: "We reached the conclusion that most people were not well informed and that something should be done. . . ." To make a start, they raised $86,000 from such people as E. Roland Harriman, H. P. Davison, the late Dwight Morrow, Harvey Firestone, and, above all, various members of the Harkness family. *Time* first appeared in 1923—a gawky, sketchy, amateurish job, lean for lack of advertising. For five discouraging years Luce and Hadden had an uphill fight. Net profits in 1927 were just $3,860. But in 1928, for no particular reason, *Time* began to "click": profits jumped to $126,000. Luce had fairly begun his march to success. In the winter of 1929 Hadden died of a streptococcus infection. Luce marched on. As the national economy contracted, Time, Inc., expanded. (Time, Inc., is the corporation which, among other activities, publishes *Time.*) Time, Inc., founded *Fortune* in 1929, went on the air with the March of Time in 1931, bought the *Architectural Forum* in 1932, began producing the March of Time in the movies in 1935. Last fall Time, Inc., produced *Life,* a weekly picture magazine which already sells 1,300,000 copies a week. Last year Time, Inc., reported gross income of $12,900,000 and net income of $2,700,000.

This mighty army, conqueror of one rich journalistic province after another, bears on its banners proud boasts: "Factual"—"Objective"—"Impartial"—"Unbiased." In the words of President Luce in the 1936 annual report: "The business of Time, Inc., is the effective communication of information. . . ." Or as Managing Editor Martin of *Time* put it not long ago in an address before the

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Audit Bureau of Circulation: "Within the confines of *Time's* rather rigid editorial formula, the editor's job is to make the reader feel he is enjoying each week a vital, essential service . . . which must always give the sense of having received 15 cents' worth of useful information from a source of known integrity." And so Time, Inc., is an enormous mechanism designed to give the American public the Real Dope, straight from the shoulder, without—in its own words—"windy bias," neither corrupted by radical dogma nor distorted by pressure from interested parties. Like all machines, it is vastly impersonal. Its products bear the name of no individual author, appearing as pronouncements *ex cathedra* with the whole weight of the organization behind them. The mechanism is unparalleled in journalism. A corps of researchers gather the raw material from newspapers, libraries, interviews, phone calls, learned and technical journals, cables and telegrams from special correspondents all over the world. A corps of writers strain this material clear of all editorial bias and fabricate it into articles, movie and radio scripts, picture captions. A corps of editors, headed by Luce in person, revise the finished product word by word, removing any last lingering odor of partisanship. After such triple-distilling the indescribably pure product is ready for the printer—who presumably wears antiseptic rubber gloves. Not since the Vatican Council of 1870 has the world witnessed such a heroic effort to arrive at the truth through the impersonal collaboration of many minds.*

It is a great, a superhuman conception. That it falls short of perfection is to be understood. But does it achieve a reasonable success? Is the human mind capable of functioning in a vacuum free from social and economic pressures? The answers to such questions become increasingly urgent as the public demonstrates an increasing confidence in Time, Inc., as a source of pure, unadulterated factual information. The 1,300,000 people who buy *Life* every week are the latest converts. To them add *Time's* 650,000 buyers. Add *Fortune's* 140,000 subscribers and the *Architectural Forum's* 30,000. Add the 8,000,000 people who are estimated to listen weekly to the radio March of Time, which has been repeatedly voted the most popular dramatic program on the air. Add the estimated 20,000,0000 who in 9,000 theaters in this country and abroad every month see the newsreel March of Time. This adds up to some 30,120,000 people who are reached and, presumably, affected by the journalistic activities of Time, Inc. There is doubtless considerable duplication here, but on the other hand this calculation doesn't count in the millions of non-buying readers of Luce's magazines. *Fortune,* for example, once claimed twenty readers per copy, which would give it an audience of 3,000,000.

An organization which puts ideas into 30,000,000 heads is a powerful little gadget to be under the control of a single individual, even the most brilliant member of Yale '20. There can be little question of Luce's personal dominance at Time, Inc. He is the founder, the controlling stockholder, and the chief executive. His holdings of Time, Inc., common stock are estimated at 102,300 shares out of a total of 238,000. (For this and many other data see Wolcott Gibbs's excellent article in the *New Yorker* for November 28, 1936.) While Hadden was alive, he and Luce alternately acted as editor-in-chief and business manager, swapping jobs at the end of the year—a display of virtuosity they are said to have also practiced on the *Yale Daily News.* Since Hadden's death, Luce has filled both jobs himself. Nor is this authority merely titular. Luce actively directs editorial policy on all his magazines; on occasion he edits an issue of *Time* or *Fortune*; of late months he has taken direct charge of *Life;* he plans circulation drives and advertising promotion; he keeps a sharp eye on investments, salaries, printing costs, and even office management. *Advertising and Selling* recently called him "one of our fast-dwindling group of great men" and, to show it meant it, went on: "The poet Goethe (1749-1832) was called the last man of modern times who knew everything about everything. Luce won't die without being regarded as a coholder of that record. Oh, it isn't what men take in that makes greatness. It is what they give out. Goethe's output was gigantic; Luce's is already bigger. . . ." Goethe, one gathers, was quite a fellow, too.

Luce's personality is hard to define, not because it is subtle or complex—it is neither—but because it is an uneasy amalgam of two simple, but contradictory, forces. He is the impassioned idealist, impatient of fact and ever conscious of a "mission" to improve his fellow-men ("something should be done"). And he is the practical business man, suspicious of all idealism, pragmatic, lover of brass tacks, hater of "theories." A strong urge to power cements the halves of this split personality. Lacking pragmatism, Luce the idealist might have become a left-wing leader—or, perhaps more likely, an exceptionally earnest Y. M. C. A. secretary. But as a pragmatist he conceives of power in terms of success according to generally accepted standards; in short, as making money. His income for 1936 may be conservatively estimated at $1,200,000.

Luce is the Poor Boy Who Made Good on a scale which might impress even his own *Fortune.* (In fact, the propriety of running an article on Time, Inc., and Luce was considered by Luce, as editor of *Fortune,* recently—apparently with an unfavorable decision.) This puts Luce, as a journalist, in a peculiarly vulnerable position so far as honest reporting is concerned. Ever since Luce the poor missionary's son became Luce the member of Skull and Bones—wealthiest, most sacrosanct, and most reactionary of Yale undergraduate societies—his relation to the ruling classes has been "we" and not "they." Every year he becomes more deeply intrenched in the industrial-financial plutocracy. Through such friends as Thomas W. Lamont, H. P. Davison, and the late Dwight Morrow, for example, he has long maintained close relations with the house of Morgan. Indeed, it is hardly any longer a question of Luce's connections with big business. By now Time, Inc., is big business itself, as he pointed out in the 1935 annual report. Naturally, Luce leads the same life as other great industrialists. He belongs to the Union

* The Council of 1870, it may be recalled, produced the Doctrine of Papal Infallibility.

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and Racquet clubs, has a box at the Metropolitan, a $100,000 plantation near Charleston, South Carolina, with an air-conditioned manor house and streamlined guest houses, a fifteen-room duplex apartment in Manhattan, and Clare Boothe Brokaw for his wife (second).

These are powerful influences. A more powerful mind might have maintained some measure of independence. But Luce, as he himself is all too eager to admit, is no intellectual. His intelligence is active rather than acute, dynamic but disorganized. His is the simple creed of pragmatism. He worships facts, and has a touching faith that if only enough of them can be somehow amassed, the truth will manifest itself. He is deeply suspicious of all logical or theoretical abstractions and will have none of them—whence he concludes that his thinking is objective. But to achieve objectivity by the pragmatic route requires intellectual discipline and some sophistication. Luce lacks both in a superlative degree. He is the victim of prejudices all the more uncontrolled for being unconscious. If he has stormed the citadels of economic power, he himself has been an easy conquest for their guardians. His defenses against flattery, especially when applied by the rich and powerful, have never been strong. The objectivity which his editorial policy aims at is a superhuman goal, but Luce is no superman. He is, to continue the Nietzschean phrase, human, all too human.

Luce's magazines share their master's split personality. They are at once pragmatic and prejudiced. And, as in Luce, one finds that these qualities operate on different planes. The pragmatism is superficial and therefore apparent. The prejudices are deep-seated and therefore concealed.

As the most casual reader may perceive, the articles in *Time* and *Fortune* are ostentatiously devoid of any editorial slant. No opinions are expressed directly. Both sides of controversial issues are presented, labeled as such. Generalizations are usually backed up with a great show of factual data. But the devil driven out the door climbs back down the chimney. Denied any outlet for their normal urge to express opinions, Luce's editors and writers have developed certain indirect methods of editorializing, all the more effective because the reader—and often the author—doesn't realize what is going on. A fact is a fact, but obviously much depends on just which facts are selected to tell the story. This elementary proposition affords great relief to the repressed instincts of the well-disciplined journalists who write for Luce. Nor do they stop there. They have developed remarkable ingenuity in giving a healthy editorial slant to such facts as they select. Their own opinions are put into the mouths of dummies labeled "well-informed critics" or "unbiased observers"—stock characters as firmly established and well-beloved as the non-existent "Peter Matthews" who has always appeared on the roster of *Time's* editorial staff and who is periodically fired whenever a particularly embarrassing editorial slip calls for a scapegoat. A technique especially dear to *Fortune* writers is to pose great "problems" which cry out for solution, thus neatly implying there is something screwy in the first place. *Time* writers make great play with emotionally "loaded" adjectives and verbs. The compression of *Time* style lends peculiar force to even a single such word if it is dropped in the right place. Until one has tried it, one would not believe how different the same story sounds depending on whether the hero is described as "firm-jawed" or "horse-faced." The same quotation sounds one way if it is "insinuated," another if it is "rapped out," another if it is "bellowed" or "screamed," and so on. This suggests another simple means of indirect editorializing, perhaps most popular of all with Luce's writers. When they are confronted with words and actions which are deficient in motivation, they are usually kind enough to supply the lack out of their heads without troubling their researchers. But space doesn't permit a full review of these techniques. They are as varied as the repressed instincts they relieve.

Luce and his editors are understandably sensitive on the score of objectivity, since their journalistic rationale is largely based on this great premise. Remove it and their magazines sink to the merely human level of such journals as, say, *The Nation*. Even lower, in fact, since the editorializing isn't open and honest. And so they are quick to point out that if certain articles arouse protest from liberals, certain others draw fire from conservatives. Sometimes (triumph!) the same article will be attacked by both the right and left. If that doesn't prove they're above the class struggle, what does? But this reasoning overlooks the difference in quality between the objections from the left and those from the right. The right object to Luce's journals because they indulge in "personalities," because they make fun of stuffed-shirt dignity, because they are often "sensational" and "in bad taste." In short, conservatives have much the same objections to Luce as they have to Hearst, despite their general approval of the editorial policies of both. The left, on the other hand, are little concerned about such personal pinpricks. What liberals object to is the habitual distortion or suppression of labor and radical news, the constant pooh-poohing of all movements for social progress. This policy will be discussed more fully in later articles. Here it should be noted that there are, of course, many exceptions. Even Hearst can't keep his papers on a 100 per cent anti-social line.

All this is not to imply that Luce and his editors are not reasonably sincere in their protestations of objectivity. Who, after all, is not sincere? Hypocrites are rarer than one supposes. The atrocities which Luce's magazines perpetrate on labor and radical news are simply the result of Luce's mental limitations. Outstanding ("potent") individuals fascinate him: he is as uncritical a hero-worshiper as any small boy who dreams of J. Edgar Hoover and his G-men. Social data bore him. Fascist Italy means anecdotes about Mussolini rather than wages-and-hours statistics. "People just aren't interesting in the mass," he once confessed. "It's only individuals who are exciting." As a pragmatist, furthermore, Luce has an almost oppressive respect for success. Even radicals, once they have achieved power, come in for their share of the twittering excitement with which Luce's journalists salute the successful. Thus *Time* makes great fun of the U. S. S. R.

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but generally treats Stalin with consideration. And thus Time, Inc., oblivious as it is to labor as a social factor, was quite able to understand that by last spring John L. Lewis had become "potent." At once Lewis found himself the center of a journalistic whirlpool. The March of Time got him to speak and pose for its camera men, the embryonic *Life's* photographers shot him and his office from every coign of vantage, *Fortune* descended on him for a full-length biography, *Time* phoned inquiries almost daily. Lewis is reported to have finally inquired whether he was working for the C. I. O. or for Time, Inc.

Luce's mind is distinctly quirky, but such limitations as these aren't just mental quirks. They are evidence of that identification with business-class ideology which has made Luce the force he is in contemporary journalism. The American business man—and the millions of middle-class people who aspire to fill his shoes—is still individualistic enough to believe in heroes. Society as a whole puzzles and vaguely frightens him, and he'd rather not hear any more about it. His most deeply felt value is success. And so he finds Luce's magazines extremely comforting in these complicated times.

Thus in calculating the Lucian objectivity, it is necessary to consider Luce's point of view as the expression of a social class. Once this point of view is taken for granted as the "normal" one, as of course Luce and his editors do, then the Lucian pragmatism becames entirely objective. In the columns of *Time,* for example, those who wish to effect social change have for years been labeled "rabble rousers"—a completely detached description if the point from which such persons are surveyed happens to be not far from 23 Wall Street. The Lucian journalists, of course, deny erecting their instruments on any such spot. Indeed, one gets the impression that they draw their angles of vision from somewhere in the neighborhood of Uranus. Their moral indignation over journals which are gross enough to confess to a specific point of view is amusing to witness; almost as funny as the righteous fury with which those earlier apostles of objectivity, the Manchester school of British economists, assailed such prejudiced persons as wanted to curtail the liberty of mill hands to work sixteen hours a day.

[*This is the first of three articles by Mr. Macdonald on Time, Inc. The second will appear next week.*]

# *The Battle of Oshawa*

BY ROGER IRWIN

IF YOU run an automobile plant and your men strike, you compromise with them, raise their wages, and pass the extra cost right along to the consumer. If you run a gold mine and your men strike, you fight like blazes, because if your costs go up the money comes right out of your own pockets. Your customers have absolute control over prices.

That fact explains the recent strike phenomenon at Oshawa. Ontario is not large in population, and the automotive industry is important to it, but a walkout by 3,700 employees of General Motors of Canada was insufficient cause for an upheaval and an outcry which stole the continent's front pages at a time when more serious labor troubles were in progress nearer home. Perhaps Ontario is so closely associated with such oddities as quintuplets and stork derbies that the American public was ready to expect anything from it, but there must have been social students who wondered what all the fuss was about. The strike was finally settled on terms which had been found acceptable to both sides before the men walked out, but in the two-week interval a Cabinet has been disrupted, war on "Lewis and communism" formally declared by the province's chief executive, and hundreds of men recruited and drilled to combat "labor fascism"—a hitherto unheard of social movement.

The answer is gold. Mining is the biggest Ontario industry, and millionaire ex-prospectors are the biggest force in Ontario capital. Since every plumber and stenographer in the province owns a thousand or so shares of some penny gold stock, there is a singular unanimity between capital and the masses when the prosperity of the northern camps is in question. And for a year Ontario mining men had watched American unionization apprehensively and had heard with anxiety their spies' reports on union interest among their own muckers and skip-men. The very fact of John L. Lewis's primary connection with mining strengthened their conviction that they were, if not next in line, at least well up on the C. I. O. lists. The obvious tactic was a showdown and a defeat of the Lewis organization before ever it established a real foothold in the industry. It is a lot easier to tie up a gold mine, with its tiny surface plant, than it is to tie up a factory.

General Motors and its 3,700 newly organized workers became the pawns in the larger game. Neither side wanted a strike. For the company, it was the busiest season in many years, with Canadian and Empire markets demanding the new models. The employees had no desire to interrupt their comparatively brief annual working period. Difficulties had already been straightened out and production resumed in the parent plants across the border. With pressure applied from powerful quarters the Canadian management went through the motions of refusing to negotiate with the C. I. O. organizer, but its relieved sigh joined that of the workers when the provincial Labor Minister peremptorily told them both to stop their stand-offish foolishness and report to his office so that negotiations might be opened on neutral ground.

There was a long list of demands but only one real

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point at issue—recognition of the union. David Arnold Croll, as Minister of Labor and chief conciliator, told company executives frankly that if any progress was to be made they would have to sign a union agreement. To the labor side he made it clear that the presence of C. I. O. organizer Hugh Thompson was the chief stumbling-block and that with his removal the company could with dignity treat with its own employees—their national or international associations thereafter to be strictly their own business. The company agreed and the men agreed. Thompson left the field and stayed on the sidelines. The strike vote at Oshawa was postponed during negotiations. Minor points were rapidly eliminated. Any close observer would have laid his ultimate dollar on settlement of the dispute long before it reached strike proportions.

He would have, if he had not gauged the importance of powerful forces already stirring restively in the background—and it is safe to say that at this stage not General Motors nor its employees nor Conciliator Croll figured on mining influence. Had the three parties wakened in time, the chances are that there would have been no strike at Oshawa, no political upheaval, and no deepset fear in the minds of Canadian liberals.

Four days after negotiations began, the Labor Department was able to predict settlement before nightfall. Mitchell Frederick Hepburn, Prime Minister of Ontario, returned that day from a post-Parliament holiday in Miami and demonstrated an immediate interest in the situation. That night the government official on the Oshawa scene reported that an unexplainable monkey-wrench had been tossed into the settlement machine. General Motors was refusing to recognize the local. At midnight the employees voted to strike. Next morning they clocked in, reported at bench or assembly line, walked out of the factory, and commenced peaceful picketing. There had been no suggestion of a sitdown.

In the morning Premier Hepburn mobilized provincial police forces and maneuvered the dispatch of federal "mounties" from Ottawa to Toronto. Scrapping the traditional view of governmental non-partisanship in industrial disputes, he announced that the entire resources of the province would be thrown behind General Motors. Equally these resources would be used to fight "John L. Lewis and foreign agitators." It was the first time within this Canadian memory that Americans had been called foreigners by a Canadian; and spice was added by the fact that Hugh Thompson, the agitator concerned, was a British subject, while General Motors of Canada was admittedly an American-controlled corporation.

Next day a retired colonel of the British regular army, who happened also to be a member of the legislature, was commissioned by the Premier to recruit and drill 500 special officers, drawn largely from jobless university men and ex-soldiers. Mr. Hepburn and the colonel publicly differed on whether they were to be equipped with army pistols as well as batons. Certain it was, however, that some of them would be stationed at the Parliament buildings for emergency duty, while the others would be paid a retainer and left on call at their homes. Further, as chief movie censor, the Prime Minister banned newsreels of the strike. Meanwhile the Oshawa police chief looked over the peaceful picket lines, announced his seventeen constables could handle any unexpected trouble, and appointed strikers as special police to prevent traffic jams. As it turned out, Oshawa rejoiced during the strike in a fifteen-year low in arrests for all causes.

The Toronto *Globe and Mail* led the press in approval of the Prime Minister's efforts to save Ontario from the foreigner. That important sheet is owned by a mining man and directed by an ex-broker. Most of the other provincial papers fell in line, leaving the Toronto *Star,* largest Ontario daily, to suggest there was something un-British, something dictatorial in the governmental policy. It gained fresh material when, without asking their views and indeed refusing audience to one of them, Mr. Hepburn dismissed the only two left-wing Ministers in his ten-man Cabinet. He outspokenly felt that they were not in accord with his opposition to "Lewis and communism," as he was by this time putting it. Labor Minister Croll and Attorney General Arthur Roebuck tendered their resignations in two declarations of liberalism that were masterpieces of understatement. Meanwhile, Hepburn himself took charge of strike negotiations, getting nowhere in particular but promoting the cause of labor relations by announcing measures to license all unions and terminate the fifty-year-old practice of transferring funds between United States and Canadian branches of international organizations—which move threatened the A. F. of L. just as much as the C. I. O.

Finally a clearer light was shed on these strange developments by a candid announcement that Lewis and communism were a menace to the northern Ontario mines. Organization in the camps was scarcely under way, but the presidents of two major companies announced they would shut down in the event of an entirely theoretic strike. The plumbers and stenographers wondered about the future of their own speculations, and asked themselves whether Hepburn hadn't been right after all.

Meanwhile General Motors and the strikers finally got the idea. Wires began to tauten and there was a marked diminution of employer-employee antagonism. Both began to perceive that they were being used. Pressure for a settlement increased, there was a notable decrease in the Prime Minister's truculence, and finally peace was signed —on the basis of recognition of the local union, a C. I. O. subsidiary, on precisely the same terms that Croll had proposed two weeks before. Everyone concerned broke into loud huzzas of victory.

At last reports automobile prices have not risen, nor has organization progressed much in the mines. But liberalism is defeated in Ontario, in its unpretentious home on this continent. The two men who added wage legislation to its far-advanced social statutes are gone. Liberalism for the time is defeated, and liberals are heartsick.

[*Mr. Irwin was chief secretary to David A. Croll, Minister of Public Welfare, Municipal Affairs, and Labor in the Ontario government. He resigned when Mr. Croll was forced out of the Cabinet as a result of his refusal to support Premier Hepburn's campaign against the C. I. O.*]

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# An Immediate Program for Housing

BY ALBERT MAYER

IN OUTLINING a policy for housing at this moment, one must bear in mind that the possible range within which it will be allowed to operate is terribly constricted. The Wagner-Steagall bill, probably the best obtainable now, provides for only a small amount of housing. It is important to recognize the limits, to push opinion into demanding the most possible within them, to avoid too markedly centrifugal counsels among the proponents of housing. Otherwise we shall be left without action or with only the semblance of it. My purpose in this article is simply to explore what we ought to agree upon and insist upon at the present juncture. Our next job will be to mobilize public opinion in support of a bolder program which we can propose with some belief that we are not merely indulging in fanciful essays.

The vast preponderance of new houses in the next few years will be built by private enterprise. Of the total volume we want to know how much will be public housing, and whether we can insure that it will be for persons of low income, will represent technical and social progress, and will demonstrate the advantages of large-scale community planning.

The public housing initiated as an emergency employment measure after 1933 encountered various difficulties. Housing was no one agency's exclusive business but a minor effort of many agencies. There were delays due to inner uncertainties and to legal obstacles—suits whose disposition has given public housing a somewhat securer basis in law. Costs were excessive for a variety of reasons, among them PWA's over-meticulous specifications and truculent attitude and the use of inefficient relief labor by the Resettlement Administration. But in spite of these difficulties, the exciting fact is that we are finally getting some actual housing, some living communities in place of blueprints, English photographs, and militant articles in radical publications. To see Greenbelt near Washington is a stimulating and heartening experience. People are actually living in some of the PWA groups. Children are actually playing in the playgrounds. Public housing has pointed the way to rational planning and living while private building in the same period has delivered the same old helter-skelter jobs.

In the present housing situation two things stand out —the shortage and the substandard character of living quarters. They are closely related. The shortage, it is stated by some, will amount to 9,000,000 dwellings in the next ten years; other estimates range up to 20,000,000 dwellings. The factors contributing to the shortage are well known: practical cessation of normal new construction for seven years; destruction of buildings by fire, flood, end of life, and by demolition to make way for bridges, highways, and other public improvements; undoubling of families as unemployment is reduced; a higher normal marriage rate consequent on a higher birth rate during the past twenty years. The wide difference in estimates of the shortage is only partly due to the inaccuracy of statistics. Shortage has no absolute physical measure. Shortage in our economy is determined by effective economic demand. With roughly the same number of houses, there is now a shortage where there were vacancies two years ago.

Another factor contributing to the demand for housing is the number of substandard homes. The inhabitants of these are no doubt anxious to have homes with electric lights, bathrooms, and heat, with playgrounds near at hand for the children and parks for themselves. But it must be recognized that even in normal times the wages of most of our population are too low to make this desire an economically effective demand. To the degree that housing subsidies can be obtained to close the gap, this latent demand will become effective.

Thus the shortage is variable—according to decent standards almost limitless—and depends on what can be paid for by one means or another. If only private enterprise builds, the process will be this: Even before prices rise, the construction is for the upper third of the population. As building accelerates, prices of materials rise, houses become more expensive, fewer people can afford them; but the builders keep on building, unconscious of the fact that the market has become more and more restricted. Sales stop, the builders' small capital dependent on rapid turnover is exhausted, mortgagees foreclose, lending and building stop—all this without any relief for the shortage in any group but the top stratum, whose needs actually are oversupplied. Credit continues unavailable until years elapse and enough fires, enough floods, enough new marriages again cause demand from the upper stratum. All building cycles to date have run this course, and neither FHA nor bankers' conferences nor any other agency gives any sign of changing it. Private enterprise alone will never meet even the minimum shortage figure.

If the relatively small amount of public housing that can be expected makes the mistake of being simply a tail to this mad kite, or if it goes off in the various directions suggested by its advocates, it will have no importance. Some housing measure will be enacted in Washington, and housing bills will be passed in some of the states. A compact body of doctrine must be formulated with the aim of shaping those measures and of influencing the policies of their administrators.

What can we obtain from these bills, quantitatively and qualitatively? The Wagner bill now before the

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Senate provides for a United States Housing Authority, appointed by the President, to assist local public-housing agencies and cooperative and other limited-dividend enterprises to build low-rent housing. To public agencies it may make loans for the project cost, and grant fixed annual subsidies to an annual maximum of $10,000,000, which is supposed to bring rentals to less than $6 per room. Over a four-year period the sum of $1,000,000,000 is placed at its disposal. Union labor at the prevailing wage is to be employed on any project built or financed by the Authority.

The sum provided in the Wagner bill for the four-year period would permit erection of something under 50,000 units a year. Even if this sum were matched by local funds, the whole amount would not provide 10 per cent of the annual requirement. For the localities must devote some part of their funds to acquiring more land than is needed for immediate projects in order to insure cheap and advantageous purchase and a continuing planned program. These figures show the absurdity of the fear that government construction will put private enterprise out of business. Aside from the fact that private enterprise does not build for low rentals, aside from experience in England, where public housing and a private housing boom are occurring simultaneously, the need is so great that it is certain that every dwelling built by anyone will be occupied. The maximum number ever built in this country in any one year is some 600,000, or about 60 per cent of the minimum yearly requirement for the next ten years.

The contention that housing activity should be wholly decentralized and made the subject of state and local rather than national action is fallacious or insincere. We must have national legislation. In the first place, exclusively state or local action means delay because state and local mechanisms are not ready to function on the required scale without federal assistance. Even in New York State, which is farthest advanced in this respect, the bill providing for a $100,000,000 bond issue to be voted on next November would mean at least a year's delay. In the second place, most localities are not yet in a position to raise the necessary funds. Finally, for the present at least, local funds come largely from real-estate taxes, which are in reality sales taxes. In other words, locally raised subsidies are paid for by the consumers themselves. Federal subsidies can tap the graduated income taxes. Of course we must insist on local participation in planning, construction, and operation. Where housing authorities do not exist they must be created. And we must see to it that their members are not just real-estate men but persons who will push for housing. Labor should be represented.

I want now to enumerate a minimum number of items which must be the basis of all sound housing action:

1. Passage of national, state, and local legislation, so that a complete public-housing framework will exist.

2. Appointment of a sympathetic and energetic personnel.

3. Subsidies and interest rates that will permit low-rental housing—about $5 a room. This means that there must be no housing on high-cost slum land and no jacked-up material costs or contractors' profits. The federal government can build in off seasons when prices are lower, thus incidentally leading private industry to make a nearly twelve-month industry out of a six-month seasonal industry, and can use its own labor as a threat against excessive contractors' profits. It can use a variety of alternative materials. Specifically, with the aid of Bureau of Standards tests, it might become a substantial user of prefabricated sections, thus advancing progress and increasing the capacity of the industry. The work must be so organized that high overhead does not destroy the economies accompanying large-scale operations. Standards must be studied and rationalized. While some instances of unnecessarily high standards can be cited, there is greater danger of our being dragooned into thinking that anything a little better is good enough.

4. Any form of rent subsidy must be avoided. This is a form of relief which brings no new construction; in fact it helps to continue the existing substandard pattern.

5. Income taxes, not real-estate taxes or any other form of consumers' taxes, must be the source of the subsidy. Housing based on consumers' taxes takes money from one pocket and puts it into another; available amenities are not increased.

6. Low-rental housing must not be confused with slum clearance. Assumption that the two are identical has raised costs, caused delays and litigation, and created general confusion. Low-rental housing is the primary issue, because it meets the needs of slum *people,* not of slum *land*. Aside from its other objections, building on slum land involves demolition and hence accentuates shortage instead of supplementing the supply. Moreover, street and utility patterns in slums are handicaps to rational planning that are difficult to change, and slum land may often be better put to new uses.* Sentimentalists and slum landlords simply must not be heeded.

7. Towns and cities should adopt long-run plans for land use and within them acquire quantities of land for future housing. Otherwise, the individual communities will remain isolated and their existence insecure. A by-product of this is the possibility of planning ahead so that building may be undertaken when costs are low.

8. An educational campaign should be an important function of the new Authority as well as of local bodies.

Here is, heaven knows, a sufficiently modest program, but considering the lack of positive strength and the divided doctrines of the housing movement, it is all that we are likely to be able to put through. To attain this much, we must unite public opinion behind it. Anything less is not worth getting, and the alternative is to acquire more strength among consumers and labor groups and then to seek a more adequate program. On the basis of this program public housing can start to accomplish two objectives: build low-rental communities, urban and suburban; guide our cities and our building industry to a large-scale rational development that will produce better housing at all income levels.

* For a different view of this problem, see the article by Langdon W. Post, chairman of the New York Housing Authority, in *The Nation* for March 27. —EDITORS THE NATION.

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# *Fascism Moves on Rumania*

BY HENRY C. WOLFE

BEHIND the headlines that blare forth Rumanian court scandals, the activities of Madame Lupescu, and the Iron Guard's outrages, a sinister international political drama is being played. For the green-shirted mercenaries of the anti-Semitic, anti-democratic terrorist organizations are merely tools of ruthless politicians in Berlin and Rome. While boisterous Iron Guardsmen are shouting "Death to Lupescu!" the commotion is being used by Fascist chieftains in Germany and Italy to screen their machinations in Rumania. Hitler cares nothing about who King Carol's favorite may be, or whether Prince Nicholas loses his titles. But he is vitally interested in who controls Rumania's priceless oil reserves, and who is to eat the harvests of Rumania's wheat fields.

Germany's expanding army is highly mechanized. Tanks, planes, tractors, motor cycles—all require gasoline and oil. The Reich has coal but little oil. To convert coal into oil is a costly process. Without oil reserves the Nazi military juggernaut cannot roll across the Reich's "bleeding" frontiers. Indeed, it is doubtful whether Hitler could make war before he has acquired more oil than he has today. Rumania possesses ample oil for Germany's industry and army for decades to come, and the *Führer* is determined to get control of it.

The German food shortage would be solved if Dr. Schacht could exchange manufactured goods for Rumanian food and raw materials. The greater the Nazi influence in Rumania, the easier will it become for the Reich to force this barter of products.

Inasmuch as Rumania lies on the Reich's road to the Ukraine, Nazi control of this Balkan kingdom would give the German army its most effective base of operations for invasion of the Soviet Union. It is believed that the Reichswehr chiefs would prefer conducting military operations along the Dniester to fighting on the frozen terrain of the Baltic states or in the marshlands of eastern Poland. Furthermore, German hegemony in Rumania would increase the isolation of Czecho-Slovakia, prospective victim of the first move in the Nazi expansion program. And it would help block the passage of Soviet troops on their way to aid their beleaguered Czech allies.

Although not so vitally interested in Rumania as Hitler, Mussolini has his own reasons for supporting the green-, brown-, and blue-shirted fanatics who terrorize the democratic groups in Rumania. In addition to spreading Fascist ideology, the Fascist-Nazi forces in Bucharest are striving to weaken the bonds between the Little Entente nations. Their attacks on Czecho-Slovakia are hardly less virulent than those on the Soviet Union. And the crafty Caesar of the resurrected Roman Empire knows that the easier he makes Hitler's path toward the Ukraine, the less will be the pressure at the Brenner Pass.

Moreover, the Duce has certain personal reasons for supporting the Iron Guard leaders. These condottieri proved very useful to Signor Mussolini last August when they helped cause the fall of Rumania's able Foreign Minister, Nicholas Titulescu. The Rumanian statesman incurred the undying hatred of the Duce when he denounced as "barbarous" the behavior of the Italian journalists who at a meeting of the League of Nations booed the tragic Haile Selassie.

When a Rumanian military court sentences five Jews, two of them women, to ten years' imprisonment for having shouted "Down with fascism!" it is hardly necessary to present further evidence of the progress of reactionary forces in Rumania. But if more proof was needed to demonstrate the solidarity of the Fascist International, it was provided recently by the funeral of the Iron Guard officers, Marin and Motza, who were killed in the Franco ranks in Spain. At their funeral their bodies were followed by a long procession that included the Ministers of Italy, Germany, Portugal, and Japan.

Although Italian agents in Rumania do not stress the anti-Semitic aspects of fascism, German agents stir up pogroms and make anti-Jewish persecution the rallying cry for fanatical youths, ignorant peasants, and small shopkeepers. Last October Vice-Premier Ion Inculetz issued an ordinance forbidding instruction in the Jewish faith in Rumanian schools. Open threats to murder Titulescu by Cuza's and Goga's blue-shirted hoodlums and the green-shirted Iron Guardsmen bear witness to the self-assurance of the terrorists.

Pro-Nazi newspapers published in Bucharest, such as the *Tara Noastra* and the *Porunca Vremii,* openly flaunt the Nazi swastika. The headquarters of the so-called National Christian Party, its front plastered with the swastika, is located only a stone's throw from the great Calea Victoriei boulevard and the National Theater, the center of Bucharest. In Transylvania members of the German minority brazenly proclaim their allegiance to National Socialism and the Third Reich. One sees their swastikas in Cluj, Brashov, and other cities.

But it would be misleading not to point out that many Rumanians are unalterably opposed to the Fascist invaders. Former Premier Julius Maniu, Ion Mihalache, president of the National Peasant Party, former Foreign Minister Titulescu, and their followers are waging a courageous struggle against the threat of Fascist dictatorship. They are doing this in the face of repeated threats from the Iron Guard to deal with them as the terrorists dealt with the late Premier Ion Duca, whom they murdered. In spite of the sound and fury of the Iron Guard, Hitler and Mussolini have not yet won their offensive on the Rumanian front.

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# Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

## Another Word on Neutrality

BEFORE these lines reach their readers it may well be that the conference committees of House and Senate will have agreed upon a report on the neutrality bill and that this measure will have been signed by the President. But that does not mean that the fight will be over; already it is planned to put the "cash-and-carry" provision, which is likely to be struck out of the Senate bill, into a new measure. So I wish to take this opportunity to point out what seem to me fallacies in the editorial position of *The Nation* on this subject, and particularly in Vera Micheles Dean's article, in the February 6 issue, entitled A Challenge to Pacifists.

The chief point at issue is the question whether the United States should or should not pass a law which would cut it off from delivering supplies to the democracies in Europe if they should be attacked by the dictatorships. "Any policy," stated a *Nation* editorial, "which would arbitrarily cut off all American trade with belligerents in the event of war would react directly to the advantage of Hitler and to the disadvantage of England, France, and the other democratic states which are normally dependent on American supplies." Mrs. Dean went farther: "Pacifists and radicals who prefer the continuance of democratic methods of government to the ruthless techniques of fascism must be prepared to defend their choice. Democracy must not be left unarmed."

Well, I am prepared to accept the challenge. First let me point out that if this policy is to control, the United States will find itself again just where it was in 1914 to 1917. I am one of those who believe that of the several causes of our going to war a tremendously important one was the tying up of our great industrial plants and munitions factories to the Allied military machine, with a resultant rain of gold from the Allies. The same thing would happen again. We should again be told that we were making the world safe for democracy, and if the democracies had their backs to the wall, the argument might be even more effectively used than in 1914-17. And the outcome would be the same. We should be precipitated into the struggle, and the result, even if we did not send a soldier abroad, would be disastrous. If we do get into the next war, it will mean the disappearance of our democracy. The laws now on the statute books and those pending in Congress today guarantee that; neither the editors of *The Nation* nor Mrs. Dean can deny it.

My next point is: How do they know that we ought to be on the side of the democracies, that the cause of the democracies will be any juster than that of the Allies in 1914-17? Of course their war methods will not be any different. There is nothing to choose between a democracy and an autocracy when they go to war. One murders just as inhumanly as the other. Democracies deprive the individual of the right to decide his own fate, abolish all personal liberties, and lock up or shoot dissenters just as readily as the dictatorships. Morally there was not one thing to choose between the Allies and the Central Powers in the last war. The excuse for England was Belgium, but we know very well now that the compelling reason was the desire of the controlling class in democratic England to smash the German navy and eliminate a dangerous economic competitor. Even Woodrow Wilson admitted that the origins of the war were purely commercial. Now I don't want to see the United States expending American money and, what is vastly more important, American lives, to insure the safety of British democracy of the Baldwin kind, or even the Ramsay MacDonald kind. I don't want to uphold a nation which holds down the natives of India and uses its airplanes to this very hour to bomb any subjugated native people who wish to govern themselves, however badly. The democracy of France looks more hopeful today, thanks to Blum and the People's Front. But even if it were the best democracy ever known I should do everything in my power to prevent the United States from being drawn into another war on the excuse that we must save that democracy. The way to save democracy for us is to keep it intact in the United States, prevent our democracy from turning into a war-time dictatorship, conserve its resources for the benefit not only of our own people but of all peoples after hostilities have ceased. I want the United States to remain a great reservoir of means and strength, especially moral strength, available to put the world on its feet after the next holy war.

Save the democracies? What editor, what Mrs. Dean can know whether the democracies may not be the aggressors for their own selfish ends? Have they forgotten the Crimean War waged by democratic England, the subjugation of Egypt in 1881, the wickedness of the Boer War? I can conceive of a situation arising where my moral judgment would put me on the side of the dictators—I mean as to the ethical merits of the struggle—just as I know that the misconduct of the Allies produced Hitler. Finally, I deny that it is the duty of the United States to sit in judgment, like Jehovah, and then sacrifice its sons for the side that it thinks right on the basis of such little or such biased information as is available in the hysteria and excitement leading up to a war and after the war censorships are clamped down. I know the charges of selfishness and all the rest that are brought against this attitude, but as a pacifist I accept Mrs. Dean's challenge and say I'll never countenance any war, or our selling supplies to one side or the other.

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# BROUN'S PAGE

## Elisha Bares His Teeth

THE American Newspaper Publishers at their convention last week ran up the red flag and thumbed their noses at the Supreme Court of the United States. I have not always been in the first wave of those who rushed forward to castigate all groups engaging in such procedure, but it is curious conduct for newspaper owners. After all, a very large part of their news and editorial effort in the last few months has been devoted to fighting the President's proposals on the ground that they tended to diminish the dignity and impair the prestige of the court.

Of course, newspaper publishers have lived for many years in a little No Man's Land of their own, secure in the belief that while there might be law for others they were immune from any reform whatsoever. Justice Roberts in the majority opinion held that freedom of the press does not protect newspaper proprietors in anti-social conduct. If the Congress enacts legislation protecting workers in their right to organize, there is no reason why this should not apply to editorial workers.

But Elisha Hanson, counsel for the A. N. P. A., has boldly declared that the court was wrong. In an interview given to the press he said in referring to the opinion read by Justice Roberts, "Newspaper publishers flatly disagree with his statements that the newspaper business can be regulated by the government." And Mr. Hanson added that under certain circumstances publishers might prefer to go to jail rather than yield to the majority opinion of the court. In other words, the members of the A. N. P. A. are devoted to preserving our traditional form of government unless at any time it happens to impair their profits. Within the last four years the organized newspaper proprietors of America have defied all three coordinate branches of the government. During the life of the NRA the A. N. P. A., after grudgingly submitting itself to a code, twice threatened to walk out. The argument at that time was that the executive and legislative branches of the government had assumed illegal powers. When the NRA was swept away by Supreme Court decision, there was general editorial rejoicing. The court was the bulwark of human liberty and the protector of the poor proprietor. But now in the Watson case the High Bench has handed down a decision which the publishers do not like, and according to their spokesman they intend to sabotage the Wagner law. Where, then, does authority rest in this republic as far as newspaper owners are concerned? Seemingly they will bow to no will except their own, and the A. N. P. A. constitutes the first admittedly revolutionary cell in America.

If anybody thinks that I am stretching a point, let him listen to the language of Elisha Hanson in a carefully prepared address which he delivered at the convention. Mr. Hanson said:

"In the event that a complaint is filed against any one of you on the ground that you have discharged a news or editorial employee because of his guild activities, it is imperative that you submit evidence to justify your act of discharge on whatever ground it was taken. If you did not discharge the man because of guild activities, you must make a record in which the actual reason for discharging him appears. If, on the other hand, you did discharge a man because of his guild activities, then you must show in the record the nature of those activities and demonstrate their injurious effect on your business."

Now the Wagner Act says specifically that no worker shall be fired because of organization activity. In the Watson case the Supreme Court held that the Congress had the power to pass such a provision. But Mr. Hanson is not prepared to yield. He seems to advise his clients that if organization hurts business—and I suppose a drive for higher wages would definitely constitute a hurt in the eyes of a proprietor—then they may fire one or more of their employees on the simple ground that they do not want to have a union. I hope that at the next convention of the American Newspaper Guild, to be held in St. Louis in June, some delegate will rise and ask the Guild to pledge itself to raise one regiment and offer its services to the President and the Supreme Court and the Congress of the United States in an effort to bring the embattled publishers back into the Union.

One of the obstacles to amity along the economic front is the lack of responsibility in employer associations. It is difficult for trade unions to make terms because employers so often treat agreements as mere scraps of paper. In Jamaica, Long Island, the management suggested that a Guild strike might be settled through an arbitration award of three local ministers. The Guild accepted this offer of the management and left its case wholly in the hands of the three clergymen. Indeed, both sides signed stipulations to abide by the result. But when the award was handed down, the proprietor didn't happen to like it and so he boldly announced that he would reject it.

Has the A. N. P. A. made any effort to discipline this proprietor in order to save the fair name of the publishing fraternity? Why should I ask silly questions? You know it has not. To the best of my recollection there has been no instance of any effort on the part of allied newspaper proprietors to police their own craft and insure fair dealings. And these are the men who write violent editorials about the C. I. O. It is evident now that the newspaper publishers of America may love the Supreme Court, but they have no intention of playing ball with it. Indeed, the only game the publishers are willing to play is that old familiar pastime of heads I win, tails you lose.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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# BOOKS *and the* ARTS

## Man and Mule

BY LEGARDE S. DOUGHTY

Behind the plowman's wind-burnt face
There is no compass skilled to trace
The spools of tortuous content
In nine-times-guarded document.
So his forefathers' holy writ
Is left to men more shrewdly fit
To stroke beards and geometrize
Its circles into tangent guise.
His mathematics, day to day,
Is simply add-and-take-away.
He adds the callus of his hand
And strength of shoulder to the land;
And sees far weaker men deduct,
By legal super-usufruct,
All that he makes but half a grain
By muscle, dung, and sun, and rain.
One with the brown-eyed mule, his mate,
He plows the row and plows it straight.
But all the night he frets, and gropes
For clouded stars and hopeless hopes.
The blessed mule, from five to five,
Comes irresponsibly alive;
Behind the auspice of his gate,
Secure, immune, inviolate.

## To America: with Love

*A FOREIGNER LOOKS AT THE TVA.* By Odette Keun. Longmans, Green and Company. $1.25.

IN A recent issue of *The Nation,* the editor of the literary section instructed his helots how to write book reviews. I hasten to put these instructions into practice. The master says that a good review, like the doctrine of the Trinity, should be erected upon a three-point support. It should (1) tell objectively what is in the book, (2) describe the manner or style in which the book is written, give something of its quality, and (3) appraise the value or importance of the book. I hereby feed Miss Keun through the mill. If she does not like it, or if the reader does not, I shall of course disclaim all responsibility.

1. The book is short. It is packed with information and can be read in a couple of hours. It tells the history of the TVA, beginning with the dam at Muscle Shoals as a war project in 1916. One catches one's breath as one realizes how slender was the thread which held the whole investment from being handed over to Mr. Ford or the power boys or some other private philanthropist at two cents on the dollar. The man who kept the thread unbroken, whitening his hair for a decade and more, was Senator Norris. When Roosevelt was elected, the Senator's dream came true. This investment, on which the public had spent 150 millions, was turned over to the public for its use and enjoyment, and as a basis for its future prosperity. This seems reasonable, but you would be surprised how difficult it is for the public to get any comfort out of its own property. It seems that comfort is contrary to "due process" or "prudent investment" or "interstate commerce" or some other verbal spook, and the public has to take as many injunctions as an army take trenches to win a battle. (I am afraid I have broken a rule in the last two sentences.)

This compact little book goes on to set the TVA in its geographical and cultural background. The watershed is described and the people who inhabit it. Thus the plan receives physical content. The trouble with most economic plans is that they have no physical content. (There I go again!) It is made abundantly clear, as your reviewer has pointed out in *The Nation* before, that the TVA is not primarily a scheme to soak the power trust. It is primarily a plan for working with nature in a balanced use of land and water. Cheap electric power is only an important by-product of that use. The calamitous abuse of the soils, forests, and waters of the Tennessee Basin is described with passion and statistics. The passion is the author's; the statistics are official. The mission of the TVA is to turn abuse into use, to save the resources of the valley for the future health and prosperity of the valley. How does the TVA propose to do this? In incisive sections Miss Keun outlines Engineering Works, Flood Control, Erosion Control, Navigation, Power, Forestry, the New Agricultural Pattern, Local Industries. She shows how all these factors are yoked together in one great wheel, and how they are meaningless spokes without the total frame. She explains how the most important matter of all was accomplished—securing the consent of the people of the valley. In the back of the book are two series of photographs, the first showing the abuse of resources and its final result of death and destruction. The second shows the course of balanced use to social survival and comfort. Here is an idea for a dramatic silent movie of great educational importance.

2. Coming to Miss Keun's method and manner, I feel a little freer. Her method is original and charming. She is French, and she is a woman. She exploits both these characteristics to the limit. As a foreigner she can be more objective and more daring in her appraisal than an American can well be; as a woman she can scatter and put to rout more sacred cows of "sound" finance and business enterprise than any mere man can hope to do. If a thing is without sense from the point of view of common human decency, she says so, flatly and belligerently; and if the Supreme Court raises the crucifix in the road, she runs right over it. Observe: "The injunctions not only protect the companies as to their own properties in areas they now serve, but they hinder the people of other areas who own their own power and distribution systems from becoming purchasers of the TVA electricity. It really *is* unbelievable! . . . These Utilities snatch at everything. I wonder they don't pounce on the milk a kitten sucks from its mother!"

A nice point in this connection is that Miss Keun is the owner of a considerable block of holding-company stock. After burning up the utilities, she turns around and burns up the TVA from the utilities' point of view, but admits that Exhibit B is not so strong as Exhibit A. Then she burns up

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the capitalists of the Northeast who have sucked dry the South and West. Then she burns up the farmers of the South as a shiftless, ignorant, barbarous breed, showing with justice how European peasants are more civilized because they love and conserve the land. Indeed, by the time she gets through, the whole Republic is in flames. But the book is indited "To America, with whom I have fallen in love," and somehow one believes her. Another curious thing is that, in the midst of all this heat and indignation, the facts and findings are clearly stated and substantially correct. When she lashes out at the crime of soil erosion, she gives the exact figures of the Soil Conservation Service; when she strikes at the lumber barons she gives the careful estimates of destruction prepared by the Forest Service. When she steams up on leaching and soil mining, she describes the all-important nitrogen cycle with scientific rigor.

3. Now for the appraisal. This book is a unique and valuable document on the most interesting social experiment in the United States. The descriptions of the various phases of the TVA show care, study, and fidelity to the facts so far as I know them. I think the author has overstated the case for navigation, but only time can decide this point. Above and beyond the TVA Miss Keun has been reaching for a concrete institution that will satisfy her requirements for a social form which is neither raw, anarchic capitalism nor the totalitarian state. As a good European she has a lively hatred of the latter, and as a decent, kindly human being she loathes both the behavior and the rationalizations of the former. She believes she has found in the TVA something upon which her faith may rest. I believe so too. STUART CHASE

# The New York Stage

*ANNALS OF THE NEW YORK STAGE.* Volume IX. By George C. D. Odell. Columbia University Press. $8.75.

THE ninth volume of Professor Odell's tremendous work appears close on the heels of the last preceding one. It covers the record for the years 1870-75 and continues to amaze the reader as a monument of labor and a miracle of completeness. Moreover, as one approaches closer and closer to the present day, the interest increases because of the gradual appearance of names familiar to the present generation. These years were part of the heyday of Clara Morris, Fanny Davenport, and Lotta. But they also include the New York debut of John Drew, whom the *Post* thought "likely, with perseverance, to make a valuable acquisition," and the rising of one "little Minnie Maddern," of whom the *Herald* said, "If Minnie continues to progress from her present promise she will become what the American stage is at present sadly deficient of [*sic*]—a good leading woman." Daly's and Wallack's were the leading theaters. In December, 1870, Daly brought out the first play of Bronson Howard, and the rise of that dramatist, together with the success of such plays as Daly's own adaptation "Divorce," indicated the approach of the day when the mainstay of the theaters would be, not Shakespeare and the old comedies, but contemporary plays.

It is hardly necessary to indicate again Professor Odell's method. "Annals" is precisely the word to describe his work. Here we have a season-by-season—almost a day-by-day—record of what went on in the amusement world of greater New York. Even changes in casts are noted, runs are indicated, and there are significant bits from the comments of the press. There are, besides, more than three hundred photographs of players in the present volume alone, and Professor Odell's definition of "stage" is as inclusive as the *Billboard's* definition of the "show business." Even the suburbs are not forgotten, and he does not stop with circuses, concerts, or the like. One may, if one cares to, discover that on February 11, 1873, Anna Dickinson (whose questions, according to Professor Odell, "were always interesting because so impossible to answer") was asking a lecture audience in Steinway Hall "What's to Hinder?" or that, on February 25, 1875, a Punch and Judy show exhibited at Temperance Hall, Greenpoint. Most remarkable of all, perhaps, is the extent to which Professor Odell has assimilated this material, the extent to which even individual players are real persons to him. An odd bit of casting astonishes him, and he lives so vividly through each season that his spirits actually rise and fall with the success or failure of various enterprises.

Reviewing one of the earlier volumes I said that it contained more than anyone was ever likely to want to know about the New York stage. To say that is to indicate that the work possesses one of the greatest virtues anything of the kind can possess, since it means that any piece of information which scholar or layman may, for any reason, need will certainly be found. It is inconceivable that the particular job Professor Odell has done should ever be attempted again. But for generations to come his volumes will have to be at the elbow of everyone who writes anything about the history of the stage in America. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

# "Gloried from Within"

*THE NOTEBOOKS AND PAPERS OF GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS.* Edited with Notes and a Preface by Humphry House. Oxford University Press. $8.50.

IT HAS been known that Hopkins's interests included music, architecture, drawing, science, and of course the philosophy and theology that went with his calling. But not until the publication of these journals has it been possible to appreciate how completely all these fields of interest were brought to a synthesis in his thought and feeling. It is now clear that as he believed everything in nature fell into that centripetal order or design which he called "inscape" he intended that everything in his personality should be "to one purpose wrought." If he possessed a sensibility that could only be matched by a Keats or a Wordsworth or a Whitman, he possessed also powers of observation and generalization that might have made him a great figure in the century of experimental science. Hopkins was not a Leonardo, but his mind was motivated by the same passion *ersi universale,* the same search for a common principle for man and nature. (It is not surprising to find him equally obsessed by the human skeleton—"the bones sleeved in flesh.") It is to make modest claims for these notebooks to say that they might have been written by a Keats with a better-developed intellect or by a Samuel Butler with an infinitively richer sensibility. And this is to say that they are continually taking us to the frontiers of our knowledge both of ourselves and our world.

The early notebooks belong to the eve of Hopkins's conversion to the Catholic church and include a number of hitherto unpublished poetic fragments as well as several undergraduate essays. The impact of the physical world on his senses during this period of spiritual and intellectual crisis may be judged from the following:

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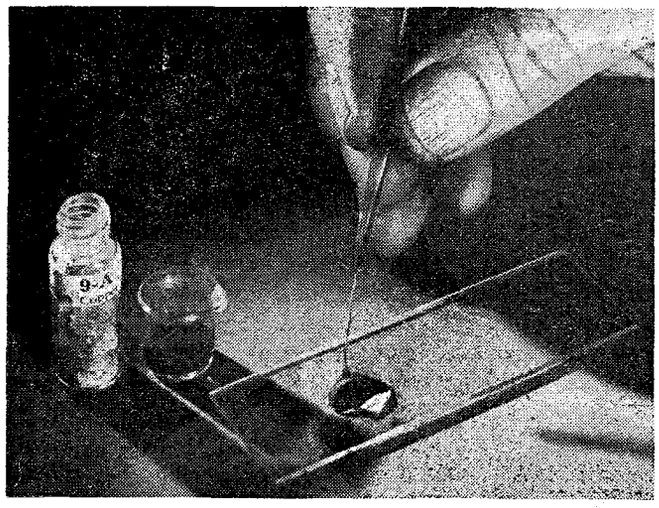

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> Drops of rain hanging on rails, etc. seen with only the lower rim lighted like nails (of fingers). Screws of brooks and twines. Soft chalky look with more shadowy middles of the globes of cloud on a night with a moon faint or concealed. Mealy clouds with a not brilliant moon. Blunt buds of the ash. Pencil buds of the beech. Lobes of the trees. Cups of the eyes, gathering back the lightly hinged eyelids. Bows of the eyelids. Pencil of eyelashes. Juices of the eyeball. Eyelids like leaves, petals, caps, tufted hats, handkerchiefs, sleeves, gloves. . . . Juices of the sunrise. Joints and veins of the same.

The journal proper, begun in 1868 and continued almost up to his death, is made up of close analytical notations of natural phenomena. Some of these are accompanied by drawings, like the one on page 165, with the note: "The curves of the returning wave overlap, the angular space between is smooth but covered with a network of foam, etc." Most of them are instances of "inscape," like the flag flower from bud to bloom: "Each term you can distinguish is beautiful in itself and of course if the whole 'behavior' were gathered up and stalled it would have a beauty of all the higher degree." The design in natural objects is often related to the forms of art: the eyes of opened peacock feathers are likened to "the flowing cusped trefoil" of architectural decoration. Trees and pigeons, "trim and symmetrical and gloried from within," remind him of the lilies in the coat of arms of Eton College. Sometimes, though not often, the religious application is made explicit, as when the strength and grace of the bluebell is compared to "the beauty of the Lord." For Hopkins everything in nature, even the snow swept to one side of a path, assumed an inner pattern which corresponded to that principle of individuation in the human personality for which he found the philosophical explanation in the neglected Duns Scotus. It need hardly be pointed out how perfectly he made this view apply both to the theme and to the structure and style of his later verse. But it might be noted how closely it anticipated, except for the final theological parallel, the direction of the most recent biological research.

Hopkins kept, along with this record of his intellectual observations, another journal that traced his spiritual and psychological development through the same period. But this was either destroyed or has been lost. Part of the loss is compensated by the intensely confessional tone of the Comments on the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius Loyola, which are invaluable to the future study of his poetry. First and last, Hopkins has suffered much from the devotion of his friends; and the present expensive and laboriously edited volume is another instance. It is to be regretted that the Oxford Press did not bring out this material in a form offering fewer obstacles to the general reading public.

WILLIAM TROY

## Death on an Island

*FROM JORDAN'S DELIGHT*. By R. P. Blackmur. Arrow Editions. $2.

THAT the poems in R. P. Blackmur's first collection are well made will not surprise those who have been instructed and delighted by his meticulous critical writings. There may have been less reason to anticipate the freshness of perception, the vigorous music, and the abundance of poetic resources which they display. They are the work of a poet who uses the medium because he has to, and not of a critic who is trying to prove that he can.

The initial assault of the poems consists in an excitement



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primarily verbal, focusing awareness upon the words rather than through and beyond them: "What yelling, belling cry," "Gull bleat, hawk shriek, mouse and eagle screams," "His great moonface rumridden and windshot," and "Breathes in our ears sea râle and moan." Other lines, equally stirring in auditory and kinesthetic quality, create an additional dimension through reinforcement of sound by less patent meanings. Consider, for example, "The shiver and shawling, yawing of doom," where the breathless plunging of the line is dominated not only by the suggestion of the undulatory movement of a shawl in the wind but also by the less direct visual analogy of the shredded waves with the shawl's tassels. Likewise, in "The heart throstling the sweet-tormented brain," "throstling" is a syncope of several relevant words, including perhaps "throttle," "throb," and "jostle," as well as the noun "throstle" (in the sense of "thrush").

Such effects easily lend themselves to abuse, but with Mr. Blackmur this happens rarely. Instances of downright preciosity are few, and even these have their compensations, as in this description of the lobsterman clattering out in a rowboat to set his pots:

> There comes the day's calthumpian, all afleer,
> In his midwaste quotidian King Lear.

A calthumpian, I take it, is one who participates in a calithump, which, so I am pleased to learn from the unabridged dictionary, is an old American word for a boisterous parade or charivari. "Afleer" is exciting in itself, although unsubstantiated elsewhere in the poem. "King Lear," which is grammatically correlative with "calthumpian," is introduced, so far as I can tell, on the ground that the lobsterman is old, lonely, rather queer, an exile, and surrounded by the agitation of the elements (there is also perhaps a tenuous association with Gloucester's cliff). But neither here not later in the poem is the reference to Lear what Mr. Blackmur likes to call a tautology, namely, an exact equivalent of its object: it seems to be an attempt to charge the incident with more significance than it is fitted to bear, and certainly with more than it bodies forth.

The principal defect of the verse, however, lies in a somewhat different type of disproportion. By itself, each poem appears to be a close exchange and rigid equilibrium between inner tension and outer image. This unity is artfully enhanced by the denseness of the texture and by the organizing bonds of consonance, repetition, and internal rhyme. Yet, in the whole body of the poems the emotion spills over its vessels. The general scheme of the book is the endeavor of the self to maintain its intactness against the weathering by experience. The self is equated with the bleak island off the Maine coast, not altogether ironically named Jordan's Delight, which is the setting of most of the poems. The sea represents all the agencies which seek to change and corrode the self, and these for Blackmur include friends, marriage, men in bread lines, the lure of action, and above all death. The bareness of the island betokens an "insuccorable inward beggary," "a new nothingness"; the self is shrunk to a doorless if not a windowless monad. Such urge to live as it has comes from a kind of aesthetic stoicism, the desire to be "a willed looker-on," in short, a craving for salvation by the word, which is all right as the first tenet in a poet's private ethic, but hardly a capacious matrix for creation.

So narrowed, the self is on the verge of disappearing, and death loses its terrors because it is already here. The poet in his prison does not even think of the key. Death, consequently, is not the villain in a tragedy but a morbid obsession:


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I think not of a living thing—
My wife my dog and most myself—
But that I think of it as dead.

The accompanying despair seems trivial, even sentimental, because it does not show its cause; unless, indeed, the wilful unreason of this whole conception of the self be taken as the cause. If this is the intention, these poems appear as a highly articulate expression of a fundamental inarticulateness.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

## The Victorian Age

*VICTORIAN ENGLAND: THE PORTRAIT OF AN AGE.* By G. M. Young. Oxford University Press. $3.

JUST a century ago it became possible to know accurately the habits and resources of a nation. That this abundance of light should fall upon the first of industrial societies was an accident of inestimable advantage for those concerned with the present and future of civilization. From 1835 onward were published the investigations of the British Parliament, which, beginning with factory labor and sanitation, gradually threw light into almost every crack and cranny of the social structure. And what these Blue Books fail to reveal is sure to be found somewhere in the socially conscious Victorian literature. But the very fulness of the sources of knowledge was initially a handicap to the historian. The perspective of time, the sifting and evaluating of plethoric materials by such variously equipped pioneers as Halévy, Clapham, the Webbs, the Hammonds, Cazamian, and Kenneth Clark, cooperative enterprises such as the two-volume "Early Victorian England" of which Mr. Young was editor, were prerequisite to Mr. Young's venture to compress into 287 pages the portrait of the Victorian Age. Only those who have spent years among his sources can appreciate the triumph of his achievement. He has the late Lytton Strachey's gift of brilliant and urbane summary with far more conscientious and disciplined allegiance to fact; a clause or phrase conveys with deceptive ease the essence of some specialized study. A mind curious, disinterested, ironic, and many-sided has drawn upon politics, economics, science, literature, and art to achieve what Mr. Young defines as the final and dominant object of historical study: "the origin, content, and articulation of that objective mind which controls the thinking and doing of an age and race."

The history of a culture woven of so many strands defies the compass of a review, but from the extraordinarily rich fabric one may detach a strand, the economic. The beginning of Victoria's reign finds a ruling class steeped in the traditions of agricultural feudalism faced with the problem of controlling the bewildering novelty of an industrialism astonishingly potent for evil as for good. The menaces to the national welfare from involuntary unemployment, slums, sweated labor, and threats of revolution oblige a modification of the philosophy dominant among the comfortable classes "that Christian responsibility was a duty everywhere except in economic life, and that strength and vigor, the control of nature by science, of events by prudence, are good things everywhere except in the hands of the state." The turning points Mr. Young finds in the Factory Act of 1847 and the Public Health Act of 1848. The establishment of the administrative efficiency of representative government provides a rise in the general standard of living in the mid-century, which encourages movements for the introduction among the



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industrial and commercial classes of the amenities of living. But England does not long maintain the initial advantages she gained from being the cradle of the industrial and commercial revolutions. The quickening of communications draws her from "splendid isolation" into the cross-currents of the world; her industry is outstripped by organized German technology, her scientific agriculture by the broader lands of America. The partly democratized ruling classes fail to meet these challenges because of their contempt for the intellect and their exclusiveness, which precludes understanding of the psychology of other races. On the occasion of Victoria's death in 1901 the London *Times* predicts with astonishing clairvoyance the dangers ahead. Writing in the melancholy autumn of 1936, Mr. Young confesses that he has described "the waning of a great civilization."

To the American reader this remarkable book suggests arresting analogies. The United States is now psychologically and culturally in the earlier part of the period Mr. Young describes. England had a national child-labor law in 1833; her urban population outnumbered the agricultural by 1851; Parliament recognized in 1865 the right of collective bargaining. Bentham's phrase "judge-made law" and the formation of a "Private Enterprise Society" have a familiar ring. Will America, even if her industry becomes regulated by the federal government, follow England in an inevitable Spenglerian downward curve? is a reader's final question.

EMERY NEFF

## An American Tribute

*CENTENNIAL ESSAYS FOR PUSHKIN.* Edited by Samuel H. Cross and Ernest J. Simmons. Harvard University Press. $2.50.

THE papers which make up this scholarly symposium are chiefly exercises in exegesis and appreciation, and add nothing to the known facts. With the exception of Mrs. Radin's sensitive, though somewhat unintegrated, essay on "Eugene Onegin" and Professor Coleman's well-informed study on the contacts between Pushkin and his equally illustrious Polish contemporary, Mickiewicz, the essays deal with broad aspects of the subject. One finds here a biographical sketch of the poet; an authoritative and acute analysis, by George V. Vernadsky, of Pushkin's political philosophy, a topic which a good deal of recent commentary has only served to obscure; an admirable consideration, by Michael Karpovich, of the poet as a historian; a rather sophomoric survey of his prose writings; a competent discussion of his interest in folklore, by Victor de Gérard. Alexander Kaun offers a somewhat rambling survey of Pushkin's foreign indebtedness. The title of his essay, Pushkin's Sense of Measure, misleads one into thinking that he is dealing with what Professor Noyes so aptly calls the Russian's *curiosa felicitas*. Indeed, it is to George Rapall Noyes that we owe the most important essay in the book and one which is a genuine contribution to criticism. This attempt to ascertain Pushkin's place in world literature is marked by admirable discernment. While aware that the future must decide whether Pushkin is destined to remain the local figure that he has been until now, the author is inclined to deny the claim that he has the universality of a Shakespeare or the caliber of a Tolstoy. The final paper, by Professor Cross, offers a glimpse of the critical battles raging around the poet in Russia but fails to come to grips with the problem of what he signifies to this generation of his countrymen.

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Pushkin's celebrated but far from flawless lyric, A Monument, and of Lermontov's elegy on the poet's death. In the past, all too often Pushkin was traduced by amateur versifiers. One is glad to note that the task of Englishing him is at last being taken up by people of his own profession.

AVRAHM YARMOLINSKY

## Shorter Notices

*ANGELS IN UNDRESS.* By Mark Benney. Random House. $2.50.

It is rather a pity that Mr. Benney's English publisher went to so much trouble to guarantee the authenticity of Mr. Benney's life story. Whether this London childhood among prostitutes, con-men, and criminals really happened or not; whether Mr. Benney, under another name, actually served a sentence for burglary in Borstal prison and another at Chelmsford are all pretty irrelevant. If it is a true story, then Mr. Benney's extraordinary literacy after a hit-or-miss common-school education is something to wonder at; his knowledge, at the age of thirteen or so, of Sèvres bowls, Bühl cabinets, and Louis Quatorze bureaus is even more strange. It might be better to forget the truth and admire the fiction. For Mr. Benney is a capital writer; his portraits of men and women are excellent; his prisons, whether he ever saw the inside of them or not, are tangible prisons, the more so because there is little of the ordinary violence that fictional prisons usually have. And the awkward attempts of a criminal to arrive at an understanding of life are touching and even profound. If, as seems unlikely, every word of this book were true, it would not be a better book than it now is. "Angels in Undress" is a work of art; which is to say that it is more true, as it is more ordered, more confined, and more elevated, than life. DOROTHY VAN DOREN

*THE GOLDEN FLEECE OF CALIFORNIA.* By Edgar Lee Masters. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.

Mr. Masters has set out once again to combine his enthusiasm for a classic motif with his knowledge of the American setting, this time in a narrative poem. His Argonauts are a group of Forty-niners headed for California gold, and he has tried to concoct out of their experience an adventure story with a moral. But in spite of the exciting subject matter, the story fails of interest because the poetry does. The verse is slovenly, wavering between labored attempts at dignity and informal chatter, and the many opportunities for drama and tension are entirely missed. Instead of contributing reality the details remain prosy and commonplace; the phrasing is continually twisted into clumsy inversions; and the verse proceeds at an uninspired dog trot which is frequently broken by Mr. Masters's fondness for question-and-answer narration. When he pauses to speculate on the moral, he interrupts the story without giving it any more depth. The connection with the Golden Fleece legend is too crudely handled to be significant.

BURROUGHS MITCHELL

*ESCAPE TO THE TROPICS.* By Desmond Holdridge. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

The title of this book admirably describes it. Desmond and Bet Holdridge, a young couple who decided to amplify their honeymoon with a still further quest for adventure, shook the grime of our metropolitan area and sailed southward. They were fortunate in hearing about the island of St. John, most virginal of the American Virgin Islands—though lying less than a mile across Pillsbury Sound from St. Thomas, whose capital, Charlotte Amalie, has been a port-of-call for centuries for the ships of the seven seas. St. John is a sparsely inhabited island—almost a Robinson Crusoe island. On it no wheel turns. One travels afoot or on horseback on jungle-shaded trails up the steep hills and down into deep valleys. The island is fringed with exquisite white beaches, and the sheltered waters are ultramarine, cobalt, and indigo over the varying depths of coral. The "lonely and lovely" beach at French Bay, back of which nestled "The Shoebox" where the Desmonds lived, was theirs exclusively "for months on end." In this region, where the trade winds unceasingly rustle the cocoanut palms, the author felt a keener "sense of out-of-the-worldness" than in the Amazonian jungles. "Escape" to a tropical isle has been the ultimate yearning of millions of people who weary of the clatter of our machine civilization. The Holdridges really did it! They were able to live comfortably on between sixty and seventy dollars a month. And the island of St. John still offers the same opportunities to those who love the undefiled oases of a shrinking world.

ERNEST GRUENING

*AE'S LETTERS TO MINANLABAIN.* The Macmillan Company. $2.

Between 1930 and 1935 AE, the Irish poet, wrote frequently to Mr. and Mrs. Kingsley Porter. Their home was Glenveagh Castle, Ireland, the nearest post office was Mínanlábaín—hence the title of this book. AE was very close to the Porters, and they in turn loved him. Mrs. Porter's delightful account of AE's visits to them introduces the book. AE's letters are warm, very human documents. Obviously he was well aware at this time of the economic crisis in England, Ireland, and America. Obviously, too, he kept a keen eye on Irish politics and literature and read with interest many American books. He was writing during this period his own book "Avatars." He comments on Edmund Wilson's "Axel's Castle" favorably, remarking that Joyce "gets away from life in the effort to get into it." He reads Wyndham Lewis and finds "The Apes of God" lacking in humanity. He speaks of Lady Gregory's death. He talks humorously of the Irish Academy of Letters and its members. He enjoys reading Van Wyck Brooks on Emerson and remarks that Emerson's life had little outward excitement. He thinks "Russia will be all right in twenty-five years when the younger generation of Communists begins to fill up the spiritual vacancy that nature abhors," and adds that the English have not imagination to find a way out, are too decent for bloodshed. He reads Eliot's criticism and finds it sound but dry save for the essay on Dante. He sends the Porters his new poems. Altogether these letters make AE seem much less the pure mystic and much more flesh and blood. EDA LOU WALTON

*PHINEAS FLETCHER, MAN OF LETTERS, SCIENCE, AND DIVINITY.* By Abram Barnett Langdale. Columbia University Press. $3.

More and more the byways of seventeenth-century literature and thought attract the attention of scholars and critics; increasingly, substantial and illuminating special studies have made the learned stumbling of Grosart and the pioneer appreciations of Gosse seem products of a remote and primitive day. Mr. Langdale gives striking evidence that all the massie ore of the Jacobean and Caroline deposit has not yet been transmuted into critical gold. Phineas Fletcher is, and always was, a minor poet; but this study of his career and accomplishment is genuinely significant. It integrates the sev-

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eral earlier studies of Fletcher, adds a substantial quantity of new material, and corrects opinions widely though erroneously held. No effort is made by the author to build his subject to unjustifiable importance, but throughout the book Fletcher emerges from the dusk of incomplete understanding, and at the end he becomes truly significant. The volume bulges with new information. Its main value, however, lies in the author's exact statement of the relation between Fletcher and Spenser, and in his masterly analysis of Fletcher's knowledge of the new science and his use of that knowledge as background for "The Purple Island." The only serious omission in the book is the lack of a study of the influence of Fletcher on Milton as wise and thorough as the analysis of that of Spenser on Fletcher. DONALD A. ROBERTS

*KING JOHN.* By William Shakespeare. Edited by John Dover Wilson. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

With this volume Mr. Wilson's edition of Shakespeare, which up until "Hamlet" three years ago was his and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's, takes a plunge into the histories. Mr. Wilson's editing is as usual of great originality and interest, and his criticism is that of a man blessed with both imagination and sense. Those who in the past have watched him with horror among the texts of Shakespeare will be relieved to hear that he has not tried to establish a new relation between the play under scrutiny and the older "Troublesome Reign of King John." They might have feared, for instance, that he would assign the latter to the category of "bad" quartos and so maintain the thesis of its degeneracy from Shakespeare's manuscript. He is for once conventional, however, in that he assumes without serious question Shakespeare's dependence on the "Troublesome Reign"; though his study of the rewriting is shrewder than such studies usually are because he knows more about poetry than most editors do. Meanwhile the rest of the histories, not to speak of the rest of the tragedies, are awaited with eagerness by all admirers of Mr. Wilson's work. It has taken just sixteen years for sixteen volumes to appear, and there are perhaps twenty-one to come. May life be long at the University of Edinburgh, where one hopes that Mr. Wilson has nothing to do but edit Shakespeare. MARK VAN DOREN

## Love in Connecticut

ANY readers who may have missed the drama column during the last few weeks do not really know what they have been missing. The plays that bloom in the spring are usually somewhat less welcome than the flowers of the same season, and this year nearly all of them have been skunk-cabbages. I should probably not refer to the painful subject at all were it not for the fact that one little crocus called "Penny Wise" poked its head shyly above ground at the Morosco Theater, and deserves encouragement. The scene is a philandering playwright's summer home in Connecticut and the atmosphere is strictly vernal. Two of the playwright's exloves try to explain to a prospective third just how it is that plans to confess all to his flibbertigibbet wife and to run off to Brittany always come to naught, but she has to learn for herself. The play is concerned with the process of her learning, and though it might be paced a bit more briskly, it is neat as well as funny. Kenneth MacKenna is the philanderer and Linda Watkins the wife. There is another very pleasant performance by Irene Purcell as one of the exes.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH


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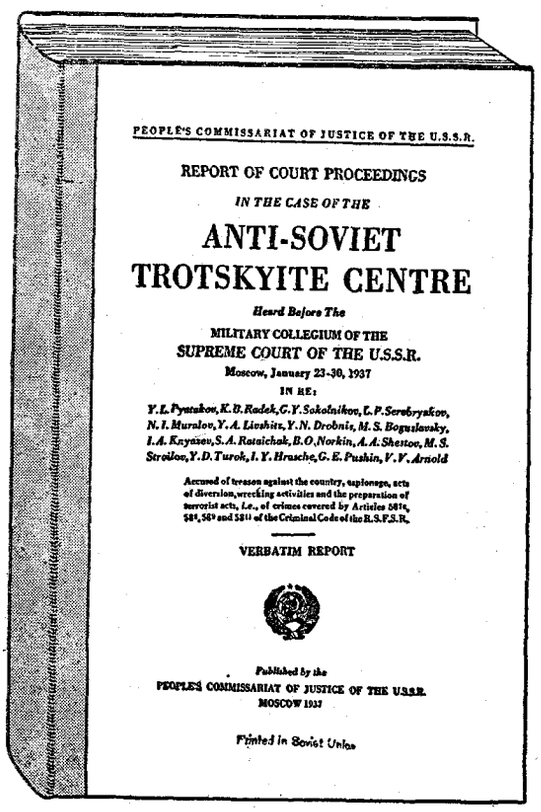
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REPORT OF COURT PROCEEDINGS
IN THE CASE OF THE
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Heard Before The
MILITARY COLLEGIUM OF THE
SUPREME COURT OF THE U.S.S.R.
Moscow, January 23-30, 1937
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N. I. Muralov, Y. A. Livshitz, Y. N. Drobnis, M. S. Boguslavsky,
I. A. Knyazev, S. A. Rataichak, B. O. Norkin, A. A. Shestov, M. S.
Stroilov, Y. D. Turok, I. Y. Hrasche, G. E. Pushin, V. V. Arnold
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terrorist acts, i.e., of crimes covered by Articles 58¹ᵃ,
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# RECORDS

COLUMBIA'S new set of Beethoven's Eroica Symphony (six records, $9) is as great a disappointment as its Beethoven Ninth a year ago, and for the same reasons. In each case there was urgent need of a good new set; in each case such a result was promised by the participation of Weingartner and the Vienna Philharmonic; and in each case the promise was defeated by bad recording. I know what the orchestra sounds like; and the superb quality of its strings and brass can be heard in the "Rosenkavalier" set of four or five years back. In the Eroica the tone is coarse, the balance is bad (a series of repeated notes by the horn in an inner voice, at one point, is more prominent than the melody in the woodwinds), and the performance is enveloped in the noise of the worst reverberation I have heard on records thus far. I went back to the Mengelberg set of the Eroica (Victor) and found it excellent in these respects; it lacks only the volume and richness of present-day orchestral recording, and its bass is a little weak. The bass is even weaker in the Schillings version (Columbia and Decca), which I recall as offering the best performance of the work. As for Koussevitzky's (Victor), I like neither the performance nor the recording.

Columbia's new set of Beethoven's Eighth (three records, $5), also made by Weingartner and the Vienna Philharmonic, has something of the same coarseness of tone and noisiness; and if you must have the latest thing in recording with this marvelous symphony, the new Victor set (three records, $6.50) is to be preferred for its excellent reproduction of the beautiful playing of the Boston Symphony under Koussevitzky. But the old Columbia set offers astonishingly good reproduction of a performance by Weingartner and the old Royal (London) Philharmonic which, in its justness of pace and feeling, its buoyancy and spirit, is superior not only to Koussevitzky's but to Weingartner's present performance. Boult's version (Victor) is pedestrian.

Columbia has issued another work of Beethoven that is even shorter, but wonderful in its own way—the Piano Sonata Opus 90 (two records, $3). Egon Petri's performance of the first movement does not achieve the dramatic power and depth of Schnabel's, and his playing in the lovely second movement is flawed slightly by a sentimentality of which Schnabel's is completely free; but it is neverthless the performance of an excellent musician, and excellently recorded. I have not been able to compare it with Kempff's on Polydor.

In Debussy's Sonata No. 3 for violin and piano we have his idiom and style carried to a high point of refinement and subtlety, but with content refined away to almost nothing. The performance by Alfred Dubois and Marcel Maas and the recording are very good (Columbia: two records, $3).

Columbia might have better sets of Beethoven symphonies to sell if it used Beecham for them instead of employing his talents in a succession of things like Bizet's "L'Arlésienne" Suite No. 2 (one record, $1.50) and groups of pieces by Händel under the titles "The Gods Go A-Begging" and "The Origin of Design" (one record, $1.50). Performances and recording are good. On another Columbia single ($1) are a number of small pieces by Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach, played on the harpsichord by Yella Pessel, which I find dull.

B. H. HAGGIN



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# Letters to the Editor

## Ewin L. Davis for the Defense

*Dear Sirs:* My attention has been called to an article by Paul W. Ward which appeared in *The Nation* of February 27, in the concluding paragraph of which a grave injustice is done my brothers and me as well as the Federal Trade Commission.

The Ward article refers to an article by Edward R. Keyes in a recent issue of *Advertising and Selling,* and, drawing some wholly unjustified deductions therefrom, concludes:

> He offers a series of cease-and-desist orders which the commission has handed down against fraudulent medicinal advertisements, and then from the files of the Nashville *Tennessean,* a daily paper, he takes current advertisements in which the same companies against which the commission's orders were issued two and three years ago are making the same fraudulent claims. Mr. Keyes does not explain why he used the Nashville *Tennessean.* Could it be because it is owned by Paul M. Davis, who is not only a brother of Roosevelt's ambassador-at-large, Norman H. Davis, but also a brother of Ewin L. Davis, who as chairman of the Federal Trade Commission lobbied so vigorously last year to keep advertising control in the commission's hands?

Paul M. Davis never owned the Nashville *Tennessean* nor any stock therein, nor had nor exercised any control whatever over the Nashville *Tennessean,* at the time any of the advertisements in question appeared or either the Keyes or the Ward article was published.

The Nashville *Tennessean* was placed in receivership four years ago under a general creditors' bill by order of the United States District Court and has been in complete charge of the receiver appointed by the court ever since. Finally, creditors petitioned the court to sell the paper for the benefit of creditors, and after a time the court entered an order directing the sale of the property at public auction on January 7, 1937. Paul M. Davis as agent was the highest bidder, and it was announced that the paper was sold to him subject to approval of the court. Under a rule of the court, anybody had the right to raise the bid within a period of twenty days. The sale was not confirmed to Mr. Davis until March 4, 1937. As stated, he had no voice whatever in the management or control of the paper prior thereto.

The animus back of the grossly misrepresentative and unfair Keyes article is indicated by the further fact that advertisements similar to those in question appeared in a large number of other newspapers and periodicals throughout the country.

A statement of the true facts would show that the Keyes article and the Ward article, in so far as it relates to the Federal Trade Commission, were based upon false premises and contain unjustified conclusions and false implications.

EWIN L. DAVIS

Washington, March 11

## Cross-Examination by Ward

*Dear Sirs:* Mr. Davis in his letter commits one big and one little injustice. He does me a little injustice in suggesting I implied anything so elementary as that the few pennies accruing from the publication of quack nostrum advertisements would move his wealthy brother to bring pressure on him and the Federal Trade Commission to let those pennies keep rolling in.

He does himself a big injustice in asserting that his brother was not a major owner of the Nashville *Tennessean* at the time the advertisements in question were published last fall. I have before me an official statement by Jesse H. Jones, as chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, which notes under date of October 31, 1935, that the RFC had some time before that date sold $250,000 worth of the Nashville *Tennessean's* bonds to Mr. Paul Davis as president of the American National Bank, Nashville, and that this brought the bank's total holdings to $460,000 out of the $750,000 in bonds outstanding, the bank having previously owned $210,000 worth. The paper, as Mr. Jones's statement notes, was even then in receivership. The bonds were its senior security, secured by a first mortgage on the property. The man who owned a majority of the bonds was virtual owner of the paper. The majority interest was held by Mr. Davis's bank, and I think Mr. Davis himself would not consider it mere flattery to say that he *is* the American National Bank.

I think that settles the point as to who owned the Nashville *Tennessean* at the time the advertisements mentioned by Mr. Keyes appeared in its columns.


In The Limelight

HERE'S TO CRIME

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Read Chapter Fourteen—and learn why these ghastly sex crimes continue to fill the daily papers.

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Most of the arguments you read or hear on *both* sides of the question are based on Charles Warren's three books. The other two are "The Supreme Court in United States History," 2 volumes $10.00, "Congress, The Constitution and The Supreme Court," $3.50.

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But in case Mr. Ewin Davis wants to press the point farther, I am prepared to point out that all but one of those advertisements have appeared one or more times in the Nashville *Tennessean since* March 4 last, the date when Mr. Ewin Davis admits his brother Paul officially became the paper's proprietor. My examination of the Nashville *Tennessean's* current files also brought to light many equally offensive advertisements which Mr. Keyes might have mentioned.

Mr. Davis is disingenuous when he states that similar advertisements appeared in newspapers and periodicals throughout the country. The assertion is quantitatively but not qualitatively true. The advertisements in question and the others I found in current issues of the Nashville *Tennessean* are certainly to be found in a great many publications, but I venture to think they are the same publications that responded affirmatively to the letters sent out in 1935 by William P. Jacobs, of Jacobs' Religious Lists and the Institute of Medicine Manufacturers, urging "our business friends" to get after the newspapers and make them fight the Tugwell bill and fight, in particular, to keep control of advertising in the Federal Trade Commission. They definitely are not advertisements acceptable to such papers as the New York *Times* or the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

And since Mr. Davis has brought up the matter so protestantly, I should also like to note a few other products of the research to which he has impelled me. I should like to note that among the directors or advisory board members of Mr. Paul Davis's bank are Bolling Warner, J. M. Gray, and F. M. Bass. Men of the same names and Tennessee addresses are active figures in the patent-medicine industry. One heads the Warner Drug Company, manufacturer of Renfrew Salts for gout and rheumatism. Another is the manufacturer of Gray's Ointment, the erstwhile cancer cure which occupies a prominent position in the Food and Drug Administration's Chamber of Horrors. Attorney Bass has represented patent-medicine companies, including the manufacturer of Gray's Ointment, in proceedings before federal agencies. It also is worth noting that, according to Poor's "Register," Mr. Paul Davis is a director and, I am told, a principal owner of the Welch Grape Juice Company, and I doubt that even his brother believes that the advertising claims the FTC permits this company to make for its product as a reducing agent could be repeated with impunity on its bottle labels, which are subject to Food and Drug Administration control.

It seems to me that Mr. Davis, instead of framing the protest he has written, would have done better to attempt to explain why FTC control of advertising has been a flop; why the worst frauds in the food-and-drug racket are fighting to keep advertising control vested in the FTC; and why, when Mr. Jacobs urged his dependents and constituents to write letters to Congressmen to that same end, he urged that copies be sent to Mr. Ewin Davis, who was then FTC chairman.

Finally, I want to thank Mr. Davis for having compelled me to inquire much more deeply into FTC affairs, for it has awakened me to the complete and incredible incompetence of the FTC's advertising-control section. I hope to set down the evidence thereof in the near future. It will suffice here to say that I am now prepared to believe that the men who pass upon drug advertising for the FTC are Peruna addicts who think the remedy for tonsilitis is an old sock wrapped snugly about the neck.

PAUL W. WARD

Washington, April 17

## Correction

[In our issue of February 13 we erroneously stated that Agnes Smedley had served as secretary to Mrs. Sun Yat-sen. We are informed by Mrs. Sun that Miss Smedley is not and never was her secretary.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Beautiful, renovated house, electrically equipped throughout. Pine living room. Swimming, tennis; progressive school for children. Stonybrook, Westport, Conn. Call HAlifax 5-3618.

*FOR RENT—FOR SALE*

Oscawana Lake. New Colonial home for sale. 4 miles north of Westchester. 3 large bedrooms, pine living room, modern kitchen, bath, dining terrace. Sports facilities, golf. Will rent furnished, $600. Another beautiful home, $850. Charles Waters, Maine 4-6663.

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*ROOM WANTED*

Gentleman of refinement desires furnished room, private bath, river view, between West 72-96th St., quiet surroundings. Box No. 899, c/o The Nation.

Gentleman. Large cheerful room (furnished or unfurnished), garage, possibly breakfast. Pelham Bay Park section. Box No. 901, c/o *The Nation*.

*HOUSE WANTED*

Secluded furnished house in Westchester County, 3 bedrooms, view, 1 hour or less commuting Grand Central, adults, to rent June to October, not over $300. References. Write details. Box 900, c/o The Nation.

*WANTED*

Couple driving to MEXICO about June 4 want 1, 2 people share expenses. Month-6 wk. trip. Box No. 897, c/o The Nation.

Experienced house manager for music school settlement. Vacancy calls for cultured and socially conscious personality. Box No. 898, c/o The Nation.

Wanted to Lease by a Nation subscriber a well-bred Boxer bitch. Excellent facilities, good care. Not a breeder. Mrs. J. P. Taugher, Leonard St., Agawam, Mass.

*ORANGES FOR SALE*

Sweet, juicy, sun-ripened on trees. Delivered Express prepaid. $4.00 bushel. Grapefruit $3.25. No sprays used. A. H. Burket, Sebring, Florida.

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